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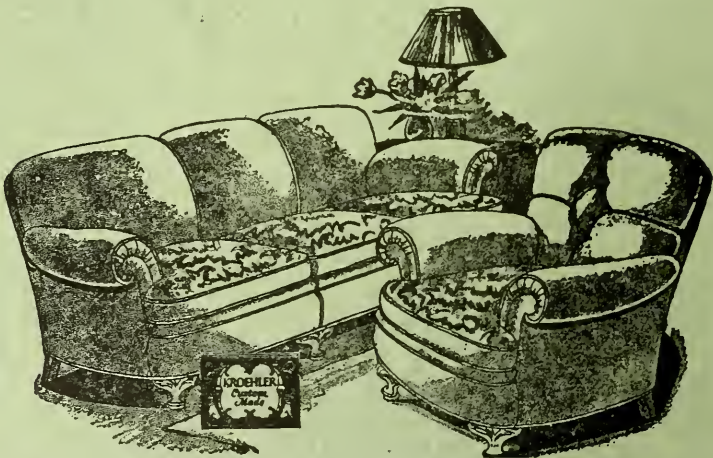
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COLLEGIAN, 1930

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EDITORIAL

Volume Ten

STRATFORD, ONT.

May 1930

FOREWORD

BY THE PRINCIPAL

WITH this number, the "Collegian" celebrates another anniversary. It again appears before you with the written record of the Collegiate activities during that period. I am glad to add tribute to the way in which this very excellent journal has served the best interests of the Collegiate. However the ideals of successive editors may have varied in other respects, they have all been devoted to their school's welfare and they have had no mean part in winning for Stratford Collegiate the reputation which it enjoys among the collegiates of the province. I commend the journal, its editor and her very efficient staff. May success attend their efforts.

Stratford Collegiate has its own "school spirit." To know just what that means, one has only to read the history of the institution. It is the element in which the school lives, progresses, and has its being. I am not speaking of something external but of that deeper and delicate quality suggestive of willing sacrifice and essential interest and ambition which alone deserves the name of school spirit. Ambition to see the Stratford Collegiate foremost in every field of activity, which goes to make up a successful school career, is everywhere most apparent. As I have said before, it must be remembered that a secondary school education is not only a preparation for life but it is a real life in itself. To one with no knowledge of the inner working of a school, it must seem little short of miraculous to see what is undertaken and accomplished by the students during the school year. He soon realizes that our school life is by no means of a limited nature, for as well as the academic, which of course must never be lost sight of, we have the dramatic, the musical, the athletic and the oratorical, all of which yield a grand aggregate in rounding out a school life and spirit that has far-reaching results in any community. Nearly every useful walk in life is represented in our school life of today and no one can enter Stratford Collegiate and give of his or her best without receiving something of infinite value in return.

Many centuries ago, Plato recognized the necessity that there should be "toil at learning as well as gymnastics." I have been in

contact with student-life long enough to come to the conclusion that failure in scholarship in nine cases out of ten is due to the student's failure to give his or her best efforts and best thoughts to the task at hand. Character must be built upon a sense of responsibility for the task that confronts a student whether in school, in college, or in after life; and there is no stimulating tonic for the strengthening of the character equal to that of the satisfaction of the day's work faithfully done. I am sure all appreciate the many delightful distractions in school life. They should prove, however, a help and not a hindrance in a school career. The pleasures of life become permanently satisfying only when there is a background of work definitely and conscientiously accomplished. The program of true happiness and content in student-life is the task of the day conscientiously faced and performed; then the hours of recreation, personal contacts, and the companionships in the common pursuits of campus life will be justly prized. I believe that every student of Stratford Collegiate is most anxious to uphold her glorious traditions, but this can be accomplished only by each and everyone devoting his very best efforts to that which refines and uplifts human life.

SUCCESS

Success is an extremely important subject to us. What is Success? The dictionary says a "favourable termination of anything attempted." I think a more lucid definition would be: Success is the attaining to some degree the ideals set before one. I say "to some degree," advisedly as you will see in a following paragraph. Success is not to be judged from the outside, but the inside. You and you only will be able to judge whether you are a success or not. Likewise it is for you and you only to determine whether you will be a success or not. It does not depend upon the amount of brains you have or the amount of money behind you. It is the amount of work YOU do.

Many say, "Oh, yes, I will be a success! When I leave school I will work hard. What I do to-day doesn't count." That is the sentence of failure of many men who are working for less than twenty dollars a week. Every day each and every student is building into himself the results of his labour. If you do not acquire NOW those habits and powers of mind that will make you a success you will probably never get them. You can not change the working of your mind with the act of stepping over the threshold from school into life, big and menacing. Let us consider some of the things that help us towards success.

One of the first essentials of success is that we choose a career. This is seemingly a ridiculous statement. Surely, you say, everybody has some ambitions. It is sad, but, I believe true, that very many high-school students have no ambition other than to start working at an early age to make a little pocket money.

In considering a profession or trade it is well to keep some requirements in mind with which to measure your prospective job. In

the first place we should measure our ability to serve our fellows in the position under consideration. We were placed on this earth to help lighten the burdens of others. Let us carefully consider this. I should place your own desires next. It is of paramount importance that the work be agreeable. Otherwise we should never succeed. Then comes one's abilities. It would of course be foolish for one who could not enunciate clearly to enter law. Many would place abilities before desires. I do not agree with them because if you want a thing badly enough you will work hard until you get it. Even in the case cited above, by hard work one could probably overcome that impediment. As a fourth requirement I would place honesty. If a job is of such a nature that it requires that you give up your honesty, shun it as you would the plague. Lincoln said, "If you cannot be an honest lawyer, be honest without being a lawyer." The last consideration is that necessary evil, money. Unfortunately most of us can not forget the remuneration in any career we undertake.

We should early in life formulate our ideals. Ideals are the winning-post towards which the race of success is run. It is the race which is the valuable part of life, not the winning of the race. Care should be taken in selecting our ideals that they do not turn to ashes in our mouths when we reach them. Therefore ideals should be noble. I have said "success is the attaining to some degree the ideals one sets before one." Ideals which can be completely attained in this life are not very good. Our ideals should be so lofty that while we advance towards them we shall never reach them. As Browning so inimitably says, "Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what's a Heaven for?"

I come now to a very important factor in success. I refer to habit; that property in the human mind analogous to the facility with which paper bends along a previous fold compared to the bending of a new fold. Habits either are your best friends or worst enemies. It is habit that gives one student ninety per cent. while another gets forty per cent. Williams James says, "Habit is the enormous fly-wheel of society, its most precious conservative agent. It dooms us all to fight out the battle of life upon the lines of our nature or our early choice. It is well for the world that in most of us by the age of thirty, the character has set like plaster and will never soften again."

We see then that habits are highly important. How can they be changed if it is necessary? William James lays down three maxims which I shall quote verbatim. "(1) IN THE ACQUISITION OF A NEW HABIT OR THE LEAVING OFF OF AN OLD ONE, WE MUST TAKE CARE TO LAUNCH OURSELVES WITH AS STRONG AND DECIDED INITIATIVE AS POSSIBLE." That is, bring all the components of environment into line behind the habit. For example, in making a habit of early rising get an alarm clock that will not let you sleep and openly boast to everyone that you are going to arise regularly at six o'clock. Thus we make sleep impossible and use our pride to get us out of bed.

The second maxim is "(2) NEVER SUFFER AN EXCEPTION TO OCCUR UNTIL THE NEW HABIT IS SECURELY ROOTED IN YOUR LIFE." To understand the importance of this let us consider it from the psychological standpoint. Habits are regarded as paths of discharge along the nerves. Every time we perform one specific action it becomes easier and more natural for the impulse to discharge

itself along those lines. Each individual neurone becomes a better vehicle for that impulse every time we perform that deed. Think of the effect one exception has on these paths of discharge. Everything is disarranged. It is like a man magnetizing a piece of steel. As long as he rubs it in one direction with one pole he magnetizes the steel. But let him change the direction of the magnet or the pole and the steel loses its magnetism.

The last maxim Prof. James gives is this. (3) "SEIZE THE VERY FIRST OPPORTUNITY TO ACT ON EVERY RESOLUTION YOU MAKE, AND ON EVERY EMOTIONAL PROMPTING YOU MAY EXPERIENCE IN THE DIRECTION OF THE HABITS YOU DESIRE TO GAIN." He adds, "It is not in the moment of their forming but in the moment of their producing MOTOR EFFECTS that resolves and aspirations communicate the new 'set' to the brain." Rip Van Winkle is a classic example of the fault which the father of psychology warns us from in the above. We all know how Rip kept saying that he was going to stop drinking but that he would not count this one. How many times have we said similarly foolish things?

To these maxims we might venture to add two others. (4) DO NOT TRY TO BREAK HABITS ONE AT A TIME. MAKE ONE BIG BREAK. It would seem on first thought that this would be the wrong way. In most things it is better to do one thing at a time. I do not think this applies to habits. When you are going to break a habit try to make a change in the old routine. For instance, if the habit you want to acquire is concentration, get up in the morning and take a bath and make yourself stand particularly erect, walk sharply, etc., etc. You will find that this will help you to concentrate.

(5) DO NOT ATTEMPT TO GET RID OF AN OLD HABIT WITHOUT ACQUIRING A NEW GOOD HABIT IN ITS PLACE. For instance, if you decide to conquer the habit of reading too much fiction, do not just stop reading novels, but start reading fascinating books of the more serious kind. (Incidentally, I do not think that you can simply stop reading too much fiction unless you cut it out entirely. Novel-reading is a hard habit to break. There can be no half-way measures. It might also be well to observe that in starting to read educational books it is folly to start with anything but the most easily read book of this type.)

Perhaps undue stress seems to have been laid on habits, but let me assure you, gentle reader, that this is not so. For habits will be your greatest aid or greatest impediment. And RIGHT NOW you are determining what they will be.

Now that we have seen the importance of them let us consider what habits are particularly useful. One habit which I think is of great importance is that of constantly asking questions. Every time we look at something different we should ask ourselves, Why? What does this mean? Thus we become truly educated. Another important habit is that of observation. This is rarely acquired to its fullest extent. Consider this: if your best friend suddenly disappeared, how accurately could you describe him. One of the most valuable assets we can have is the ability to do one thing at a time and to stay with it until it is finished. Make it a habit, too, to see the other man's viewpoint. And so we could go on for pages with habits of tidiness, cleanliness, accuracy, promptness, dependability, which we should have.

One habit which we should get rid of with all speed is that of

day-dreaming. In this useless fashion we all waste much, far too much, time and energy. By this means we create for ourselves a visionary world which at times is rudely shattered by the real world. This habit of seeing the world as it is NOT tends to damage our thinking powers and to give us a biased view of life and thus hold back progress.

If we are to be successful we must keep both body and mind in good health. I am afraid sometimes we do not value our bodily health enough. But you can easily realize that if the body is not sound very few of us would amount to anything. Then, too, we should regard the mind as an organ to be kept in condition like the body. If we do not use a muscle, that muscle will cease to exist. If we overwork it, its function becomes faulty. So with the mind, it becomes useless if we do not use it. If we use it too much, for one thing, it becomes more or less deranged and we become monomaniacs.

This brings me to an important consideration in our striving toward success. We must have relaxation. We all realize that this is an age of specialization. However, we should have more than one interest. I have a theory, that a man to be sane and happy and live his life to the full must have two great interests—one, the greater, he follows as his profession, the other, the one he follows as a hobby. Care should be taken that we do not confuse the two. Many people, I think, make the mistake of following what should be their hobby as a profession and their profession as a hobby. The writer knows of a case where a young man was contemplating a practical profession when he should be a man of letters of some sort. He realized his mistake in time, probably, to prevent great unhappiness.

Success and happiness are closely related. Much can be contributed to both, I think, by a contented and appreciative mind. I think many of the men who pride themselves on being practical miss much by not giving more attention to the various arts. I do not think any life can be complete without a love for poetry, music, fine paintings and beautiful things in general. It is a shame that so many students go out of school without a love for poetry and an appreciation of fine music. Both of these may be acquired by a little effort on the part of the individual. Yet these blessings are often missed and the student loses the inspiration of Browning and Tennyson or the pure joy that Tschaikowsky and Beethoven bring.

Perhaps one of the chief factors in success is optimism. You will not succeed unless you have the pluck to keep on fighting. The man who is going to win is the man who can get up after a severe defeat and fight again, determined not to be beaten. Be determined to win, have confidence to win, and you WILL win.

In conclusion let me say this: I have tried to lay before you some simple, familiar rules that will help towards success. However, no matter how many rules you formulate you will never make a short cut towards success. It is the amount of work you do that is going to cover the ground. If you are willing to work, if you are willing to do the right in all things, you will be able to say with the Apostle Paul, as Life's sun sinks below the horizon, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day."

E. BARRETT.

—5B.



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SOCIALISM

SOCCIALISM is the name applied to a type of theory, dealing with the distribution of wealth. It is also applied to a movement, international in character, the purpose of which is to sponsor political and economic reform along Socialistic lines. The common bond of all Socialists, is the belief that every citizen of a state should have approximately the same income.

Socialism is not a plan to hand over the British Empire and all the other nations of the world to the Russians, but a plan to run each nation with the greatest economy and with the least internal friction. Socialism is not a method of wholesale robbery of the rich by the poor, but is a theoretical system for keeping everyone within certain financial limits, and for compelling every person to do his share of useful work in the state. It is a proposal to do away with our present system of social levels, founded on nothing but the fact that one man works for his daily bread while another has his served on a silver plate, because his grandfather happened to own a piece of land which could be used for a railroad yards. Socialism is not a crime, nor are its advocates and followers necessarily madmen, fools or rogues. You may not agree with the theories or the practices of the Socialists, but it is well to remember that about one hundred years ago, the Liberals were looked down upon, and were called the same names as the Socialists of today.

Most real Socialists want some industries of the state operated by the state. Some Socialists wish all industries to be operated by the state, others just the vital industries, and still others think it necessary to have public utilities only operated by the public. Many states are so used to this system that it is never thought of as Socialism. The Stratford Collegiate Institute is a Socialistic institution when considered in this light. Our Postal System is a Socialistic enterprise, so large that no private agency could handle it. In Stratford our water, gas, and electric supply systems are owned by the people. It is possible to cross Canada, and to sail the seas by means of a transportation system owned by the people of Canada. We are already, then, to a certain extent, Socialists.

There are many kinds of Socialists but the two groups which are achieving results are the Fabians, who are essentially English, and the Communists who are an international organization, centering in Russia, where their theories are being put into practice as far as possible, and experiments are being conducted. The Fabians include in their number some of the most learned men and women of England and also some of the wealthiest, so it is easily seen that you can be a Socialist and still possess two suits of clothes. They believe in almost complete state ownership of land and capital, but purpose to gain their end through legislation and public education.

The Soviet Communists, on the other hand, want the whole world divided into Soviet Republics, governed by a very small Communistic Party, supporting a dictator. They believe in the doctrines of Karl Marx the great German economist, who decided, after much study, that there were only the two classes of people, those who did, and those who did not work. He advised the workers to unite and take over the factories and the government themselves, and run them for their own benefit, as they were by far the majority in the State. He urged the

use of force if necessary to accomplish their ends. Marx did not formulate this doctrine for the purpose of destroying Civilization. These were his ideas for improving Civilization. Marx, although a radical theorist, was a great mind, with a real knowledge of those things of which he writes. The Russian Soviet hold Marx as the great authority for their system, but all the acts of the Communists are not authorized by Marx's writings.

But the Soviet is not a democratic organization. It is a middle course between anarchy and dictatorship. Any propaganda of the Soviet is designed to undermine all our democratic institutions, all our laws, and all the safeguards we have placed between us and the lawless. They wish to wrest our industries from us, and put them into the hands of men skilled in political propaganda rather than in finance and management. This is what they have done in Russia. Russia is in the hands of the Communist Party, which supports the dictatorship of Stalin and the other heads of the Communists. The Communist Party does not represent three per cent. of the population of Russia. The Soviet is attempting to function as a national as well as an international force. The Communists, as most other socialists do, preach against the crime of war, in every country in which they have organizers or propagandists. But at the present time Russia has one of the largest armies in Europe, and is even training women to fight as military reserves. The Soviet, internationally, advocates that the workers, in case of war between two nations, should refuse to serve as soldiers, or to work in the factories, on both sides. In this way the two nations would be forced to retire from the war. The direct result of this, in most cases, would be revolution and civil war in the nations concerned, and possibly a Communist victory. But, in case of war with Russia, which is not impossible, the Russians certainly would not stop work. While our men went to protect us from their national forces, the Communists in our midst would rise and by blowing up bridges and railways, and by destroying our industrial plants, would literally stab their fellow citizens in the back. That is a greater crime than fighting to save your homes and political institutions from destruction.

But when all this and much more has been written, the greatest indictment against the Soviet and the revolutionary theories of Marx and his school is that armed Revolution is not the way. A group of men cannot take over the industries of a country and run them economically without a tremendous amount of training and study. Revolution gives neither time nor opportunity for this training. Revolution puts the men best suited for the executive positions out of a job, or murders them. The result of this is chaos. In Russia today, twelve years after the Revolution, the people starve, for lack of managing ability in Russian industry. This movement, with its ideas of proletarian revolution, bloodshed and anarchy, is to be attacked whenever possible, and never be allowed to gain a foot-hold in any of the great nations of the world. The rapid growth and increasing influence of the international Communists, in Canada and elsewhere is a problem of the present and of the future. Those who now read this article may possibly have to face it in the future, and either present some better system to the world, or perish in the change.

The other great group, the Fabians, have their centre in England and England is the scene of all their activities. The Fabians put no faith in proletarian revolution, from them are heard no pleas to "the

Class-Conscious." They attack our Capitalistic System just as thoroughly as do the Communists, but in a quieter, more logical, but equally as forcible a manner. The Fabians resort not to arms, sacrilege and consfication to gain their ends, but use every opportunity of educating the voting public to their way of thinking. In this way, by slowly building up public opinion, they have their reforms made law, by legal, democratic means, and with the good wishes of the citizens of the state. The Fabians intend to supersede Capitalism by Socialism gradually, and to place most of the machinery of Industry and Finance in the hands of the government. But they plan to do this only as fast as public opinion will allow it, and departments for the handling of the different industries can be organized and trained to carry on in the best interests of the State. The Fabians do not believe in the seizure of property. They hold that everything so taken by the government should be paid for. These Fabians agitate against war as a product of our Capitalistic and Imperialistic system but they attack it by public education.

The Fabian Socialists work for great social changes. They wish the removal of slum districts and their replacement by model labouring class homes. They advocate old age and disability pensions. They urge the use of national cleanliness as a preventative for disease. The Fabians have many interesting plans for the distribution of wealth waiting to be tested by time and experiment. The Society of the Fabians is the greatest enemy of revolutionary Communism in England. It points to a new era of political and economic thought, rising, perhaps, to meet the demands of a civilization grown too complicated for Capitalistic management.

These are not the only kinds of Socialism, but they represent the two main branches of Socialistic thought. There are many self-styled Communists who do not altogether adhere to the precepts of Lenin, and many varieties of the Fabian-type of theory, but these two systems are the most powerful in the world today and both are products of a philosophical evolution. Personally, I am not a Socialist, but I am a sympathetic observer and believer in the progress of Mankind. I believe that our Capitalistic society will evolve gradually into a new era which will contain the good points of both Socialism and Capitalism.

This subject is growing more and more important because of the increasing unemployment problems which are harassing almost all the industrial nations of the world. Idle workers are discontented workers, and unless work is found for them they will become a real menace to the State. Some reforms must be undertaken, and some plan must be constructed to correct the evil tendencies of Capitalism. The different Socialisms are all attempts to advance our civilization or to supplant it by a better one, and the World may gain much from their philosophies but as yet they are no panacea for all its social ailments.

—William J. Rae.



OUR SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS



MARGARET WAUGH

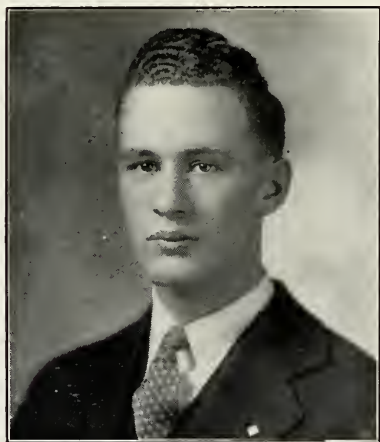
This year our school attained much greater distinction in carrying off scholarships than ever before. These distinctions were brought to us through the brilliant efforts of Margaret Waugh and John De Mille.

Margaret Waugh deserves our heartiest congratulations, in that she was awarded three scholarships—the First Mary Mulock Scholarship in Classics Proficiency, the Flavell Scholarship in Classics, and the First Carter Scholarship. These first two were given by the University of Toronto and Victoria College and were contested throughout the whole province. Still more credit is due Margaret because she did not decide to take up scholarship work until May, and thus she did not have the special preparation usually given scholarship students. She has been a most excellent student during her course in the collegiate, taking part in our intercollegiate debates, and coming to the fore in athletics as well.

Margaret was on both the softball and basketball teams, and this last year she was captain of the Senior Basketball team. Altogether she was a most outstanding and faithful student throughout all the five years she was with us, and she was one who was well-liked and highly admired by her fellow-students.

John De Mille, who won the Third Carter Scholarship, is not quite so well-known to us perhaps, as he came to the collegiate only last year from Oshawa. John, too, is a recognized athlete as he was a member of the Senior Rugby team and won the Senior Boys' championship on Field Day.

We are extremely proud of both these students, and rightly so, for they have brought honour not only to themselves but to our school and city; they have shown us that academic work does not need to suffer neglect as a result of entering athletics and we take this opportunity of congratulating them on their splendid success and we wish them luck as they continue their studies at Victoria College, Toronto.



JOHN DE MILLE

Miss Helen Dorland is to be congratulated on winning the Muriel Bothwell medal which is awarded every year to the most efficient student in the Household Science classes. This medal was first donated by Dr. J. Bothwell ten years ago in memory of his daughter Muriel, and it is indeed a great honour to be the girl to win it.



HELEN DORLAND

PUBLIC SPEAKING

John Anderson has again distinguished himself—this year by winning the gold medal in the Wossa Oratorical Contest held in St. Thomas. The topic of John's address was "The Air Filled with Commerce." Anderson was chosen in a contest at the school to represent the Collegiate in the Wossa contest and we are very proud of John because he not only brought honour to himself but also to the school. His speech was exceedingly good and we are

certain that he deserved the reward he got.

Anderson's name has been prominent in speaking and debating ever since he started to attend Collegiate. In first form he won the gold medal in the contest held in the first forms and he there showed promise of becoming a fine speaker. In debating John was always successful. Last spring he spoke in the Canadian International contest held at Toronto. We are sure that as John goes on he will become a distinguished citizen of our country.



JOHN ANDERSON

Miss McGregor: "Give me the past tense of jingle."

Norman Scott: "Jungle."

Margaret: "So the boy you were riding with has trouble with his vision."

Mary: "Yes, he's always seeing parking spots before his eyes."

Mr. Adamson: "When were you born?"

Nig. Brenneman: "June 23rd."

Mr. Adamson: "Late again!"



ORATORS.

Back Row—H. Bowra, P. Jones, J. Anderson, E. Eglington, K. Cash.
 Middle Row—G. Theodore, H. Dutton, M. Hay, M. Lashbrook, A. Lennox, E. Gillies.
 Seated—L. Tout, D. Myers, D. Smith, C. Copus, P. Patterson, K. Consens.

ORATORY

At a meeting of the Senior Literary Society on February 14, the senior girls' and the senior boys' oratory contests were held. Four girls spoke — Christine Copus whose subject was "Intolerance," Helen Dufton who spoke on the subject "Pauline Johnson," Phyllis Patterson whose subject was "What is Success?" and Mariorie Crerar who spoke on the subject "The Stranger Within Our Gates." Phyllis Patterson was awarded first place and hence the honor of representing Stratford in the W. O.S.S.A. contests. The four boys who spoke in the boys' contest were Kenneth Cash, Paul Jones, John Anderson and Harry Bowra. Their subjects were 'World Peace,' "The Dangers of Reckless Driving," "The Heavens Filled with Commerce" and "The Saint Lawrence Waterways," respectively. John Anderson was adjudged the winner. Mrs. Deacon, Mrs. Adamson, Mrs. Gray, Mr. Grant and Mr. Mayberry were judges of both contests.

The W.O.S.S.A. contest of this district was held in our Collegiate on February 21. John Anderson who spoke on "The Heavens Filled With Commerce," represented Stratford in the boys' contest. There were no other contestants. In the girls' contest there were three speakers, Helen Shantz of Kitchener, Nancy Eaglesham of Woodstock, Phyllis Patterson of Stratford, whose subjects were "Who is a Patriot?" "Should The Quota Law be Applied to Canada" and "What is Success?" respectively. The judges, Mr. E. J. Smith of Stratford, Rev. H. M. Langford of Kitchener and Mrs. Breckenridge of Woodstock awarded the first place to Phyllis Patterson.

The boys' W.O.S.S.A. oratory finals for Western Ontario were

held in St. Thomas on March 7. John Anderson representing Stratford again won honor by winning first place and the gold medal. There were six other speakers from all over Western Ontario. Phyllis Patterson represented Stratford in the girls' finals which were held in London on March 14. The winner of this contest was Virginia Clarke of Glencoe, Ontario.

JUNIOR ORATORY

Lower School displayed a lively interest in the Junior Oratorical Contest which was held in the Assembly Hall in the afternoon of February 5, 1930. The Junior Literary Society was in charge and Sydney Johnson, vice-president, acted as chairman. There had been only two competitors in the First Form contest, Alfred Bishop, who spoke on "The Careless Driver," and Kenneth Cousins, whose subject was "The Life of Sir Isaac Brock." Kenneth's speech was especially fine and he was declared the winner.

Those competing in the Boy's Elimination Contest were: Arthur Lennox, who spoke on "An Important Event in Canadian History;" Kenneth Cousins, who told of the life of Sir Isaac Brock; Edward Eglington, who gave a thrilling speech on "Heroes of the Polar Seas," and Morris Hay, who gave an exceedingly interesting composition on, "The Hudson Bay Company."

The judges, Mr. Sprung, Mr. Mayberry, Mrs. Deacon, Mrs. Adamson, and Miss Gregory decided in favour of Morris Hay.

The Girl's Contest provided keen competition. Elsie Gillies and Clara Bell Nicholson were competitors in

the Girl's First Form Contest which was held on February 4, and the winner, Elsie Gillies, speaking on "The Marvellous Story of Hydro," competed against the Second Form girls. The other speakers were also very good. Gertrude Theodore held her audience's attention with her tales of "Heroes of the Polar Seas." Dorothy Smith gave an excellent account of the life of Sir Leonard Tilley. Doris Myers gave a delightful description of "Our National Playgrounds." Margery Lashbrook gave an interesting essay on "Ideals In Sport," and Lois Tout handled her subject, "Our National Playgrounds" in a splendid manner. Margery Lashbrook was chosen as winner. During the various intervals the audience engaged in a sing-song and the second edition of the Literary paper, "The Gas Bag," was read.

The speakers in both contests showed great promise and it is hoped that in the near future they may excel themselves in the art of public-speaking.

VISITORS AT OUR SCHOOL

In October, Mrs. Edith Groves, the Chairman of the Toronto Board of Education in 1929, favoured the students of the Upper School by a short visit. Mrs. Groves gave us a delightful talk on children and recited for us some of her poems which we all enjoyed very much, especially "Tum-Tum" and "Blueberry Pie."

Dr. Charles E. Barker who came to Stratford under the auspices of the Rotary Club also paid us a visit in October.

Dr. Barker was health advisor to William H. Taft during his four years in the White House. For several years, up to the time he decided to work under the auspices of the Rotary, Dr. Barker devoted his winters to lecturing to the public on health for the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A.'s and in

the summer months he was on the Redpath Chautauqua platform and became their leading health lecturer.

ROYAL TODD

On September 18, 1929, Royal Todd was killed in an automobile accident near Atwood while working for the Department of Highways. The news greatly shocked the people of Stratford, as well as his many friends throughout the province.

Royal was, during his attendance at the S. C. I., most popular with all. His athletic prowess and his literary ability made him unusually well-known to his fellow-students. Much could be written of his rugby, soccer and hockey ability as he played on all these teams.

After graduating from the S. C. I. Royal worked for a year in the Porcupine Goldfields of Northern Ontario. Here his wonderful disposition and courage won for him many friends. As one mining engineer remarked, "Royal surely is a prince." His year in the North, while very hard, well prepared him for study at university, for which all his plans were laid.

In his first year in Medicine at Queen's University Royal passed with honours and also distinguished himself by playing with Queen's Junior Rugby team which won the Intercollegiate title.

While Royal's life was cut off all too soon, he already had, by his splendid example and influence done much for his many friends. We are all thankful that for even such a short time we had the privilege of being friends of Royal Todd, a "prince of fellows."

THE LEGEND OF ST. YVONNE

The students of the Collegiate institute prepared their third annual operetta, namely the "Legend of St. Yvonne," presented on the evenings of April 10 and 11, in the school assembly hall. Mr. Bishop ably conducted the practices and Miss Beatrice Stewart also gave much valuable time to the teaching of the various dances. The students too, entered into the play whole-heartedly and this year latent talent has been brought to the fore. Some twenty solos were in the play, and these were taken, not only by the experienced students but also by many new and promising singers, who made their debut on the stage.

The Legend of St. Yvonne is a most delightful story of love. Romance is added by old-fashioned fisher folk, salty sailors, fair maidens and even fairies. Its solos, choruses, music, fairy dances together with the many humorous touches combined to form an operetta that proved an evening of enjoyment to the citizens of Stratford as well as a benefit to the students of the school.

The cast was as follows:

Germaine Deschamps

Lorna Lupton

Gaston Lebrun Kenneth Cash

Harry Trelawney . . . John Whittaker

Captain Trelawney . . Vivian Holmes

Captain Chevalier . . . Gordon Wright

Le Maire Drever Robertson

Madame Basson . . . Eileen Wallace

Professor Billot Cecil Wilson

Raoul George Doxey

Bathilde Christine Copus

Manette Mary McCauley

Monsieur Harpagon

Edward Barrett

Silas B. Slick Fraser Hay

Breton Fisher Girls

Isobel Sim (Helene)

Margaret McLennan (Louise)

Jean Stapleton (Leonie)

Breton Fishermen

Grant Kroph (Patapouf)

Jim Rankin (Jacquelin)

Lorne Baker (Andre)

British Tars

Howard Galloway (Bill Barnicott)

Ted MacNichol (Dick Dashwood)

Lawrence Scobbie (Jack Ginger)

Fairy Folk

Callista Heinbuck (Pansita)

Alma Richards (Floriana)

The Literary Society is indebted to the Normal School for the use of the pretty woodland scenery, the work of Mrs. C. A. Mayberry.

THE BAND AND ORCHESTRA

Once more the school has been fortunate in having a band and an orchestra, under the leadership of Mr. Bishop. In having these two organizations the school has shown that it is keeping in step, along musical lines, with all other collegiates of Ontario.

At present there are twenty members in the orchestra. It has been improved this year by the addition of some of the brass instruments of the band. This has given balance to it.

Not only has the orchestra presented entertainment for the students at "Lit" meetings, but it has also played at various functions in the city. It has provided dinner-music for service clubs of the city, assisted Home and School clubs on several occasions, and also was present at the opening of the new Falstaff school.

The personnel of the orchestra is:

Violins—Phyllis McAtee, Rita McCauley, H. Galloway, R. Cole, C. Tretheway, A. Long, P. Pigeon, H. Reinhart.

Cello—D. Kennedy.

Clarinet—B. Monteith, F. Langan.

Flute—H. Kennedy.

Saxaphones — G. Wright, G. Johnston.

Trumpet—L. Battersby.

*I jumped
at the flash
and closed my
eyes.*



CAST AND ORCHESTRA OF "THE LEGEND OF ST. YVONNE."

Trombone—M. Sauer.

Tuba—L. Scobbie.

Drums—D. McFadgen.

The band too has its place in the school life. At the inspection, during the latter part of last term, the band, then organized only six months, showed what had been accomplished, when it played for different drills performed by the girls. It has also proved an asset in sport circles, playing for the annual field-day procession and also at rugby and hockey games.

Mr. Bishop has been asked to have the band and orchestra give a programme in the new band stand as the opening for the season. He has also been approached in regard to a radio evening being given by the two organizations and the talent in the school. In all probability these two requests will be granted.

Members of the Band are:

Flute—H. Kennedy.

Clarinets—B. Monteith, F. Joles, F. Langan and R. Sprung.

Cornets—L. Battersby, K. Feibig, A. McIntosh, P. Smith, A. Smith, K. Gregory, T. Dunkley.

Horns—H. Galloway, L. Hanna. Saxophones — G. Wright, G. Johnston, K. Lennox and A. Jones.

Baritone—W. Cookson.

Trombones—M. Sauer, W. Langan, W. Eastwood, and L. Baker.

Basses—L. Scobbie, R. Cole.

Sousaphones—D. Robertson.

Bass—G. Kropf.

Side Drum—D. McFadgen.

A TROUBLE REMOVER

I need a trouble remover
For my case is very sad,
Cause when I try to slep at night
My troubles drive me mad.

I have tried so many tonics
I have taken a box of pills,
But nothing seems to cure me
Of all my pains and ills.

I went to see a doctor
To get some good advice
He said to take a menthol bath
And eat a bag of rice.

I tried the doctor's orders
Many and many a time
And when I woke next morning
I was feeling right in rhyme

I went to see the doctor
To tell him how I felt,
But when he handed me my bill
Then I began to melt.

I pulled a gun in anger
And told him he would die,
You bet he was terribly frightened
And started to reach for the sky.

'Twas then the trouble started
I made a mistake that once:
A policeman came in running.
I'll be out in a coupla months!



NIGHT

Still night; and stars above me gleaming down
Reflected shadows from the peaceful lake
No fish disturbs its surface with a frown
No deer disturbs the silence of the brake.

Dark trees outlined against a star-flecked sky,
No rustling leaves betray their presence there
The breezes blow the clouds no more on high
All Nature greets the Fairest of the Fair.

—JAW—

A DAY IN SCOTLAND

After an all-night journey, rushing along at the break-neck speed on which the English railways seem to thrive, we arrived just before dawn at the little station of Craigen-doron, near Dumbarton, on the Clyde. Here we embarked on a small steamer for the trip to Rothesay. The thick white, Scottish mist lay like a blanket over the water, swirling and rising above us in little spirals, as we swept down the river. The very silence of the cold black water was oppressive, as we stood on the deck waiting for the dawn. Just when we least expected it, the sun burst with dazzling brilliance over the rim of the surrounding hills to dispel the mist which obscured everything from sight. And in the warmth of the first light of day, what a magnificent view met our eyes!

On both sides of the inlet rose great masses of dark-brown hills, outlined against a pale-blue sky, casting their sombre shadows on the still waters of the Clyde. Straight ahead, in the distance, were more ranges of low-lying hills, hazy and indistinct in the half-light and partly obscured by the fast disappearing mist. A typical Scottish sunrise, one never to be forgotten as a thing of beauty!

As the sun rose higher and higher in the heavens, we steadily pushed onward into the ever-widening mouth of the Clyde. Small towns and villages could be vaguely seen on the edge of the shore, outlined against the ever-present background of hills. About half-way to Rothesay on the right shore, we saw the home of Sir Harry Lauder, hidden away among the trees but easily discernable through field-glasses. After weaving our way for some time through the numerous fishing vessels, yachts and steamers riding at anchor in the mouth of the Clyde, we soon came in sight of Rothesay and slowly steamed up to the dock. Rothe-

say is a delightful little summer resort which was and still is to some extent, a fishing port. In the numerous basins about the docks we saw many of the sturdy little fishing smacks with their crews overhauling their gear. Rothesay, itself, spreads out along the coast on the eastern slope of a small range of low-lying hills which form the back-bone of the Isle of Bute. The main street runs along the water front and its entire length is interspersed with shops, displaying souvenirs of Rothesay chiefly Rock Candy put up in small boxes covered with vari-coloured Scotch plaid paper. After exploring the numerous narrow streets branching off the main thoroughfare, which seemed to run hither and thither without any apparent sense of direction, we got on board our little steamer again for the return journey. The one thing I remember most distinctly about Rothesay was the coal-peddlers. These worthy gentlemen perched on heavy two-wheeled carts full of little bags of coal, kept going up and down the streets at a steady pace, without guiding their horses, shouting at the tops of their voices all the while without any apparent effort: "Coal! Any coal wanted today?"

The return journey to Craigen-doron was accomplished in about two hours' time and when we arrived there we were met by a fleet of charabancs, which after absorbing all the excursionists, set off along the Clyde, through Dumbarton and up the Gare Loch. It was about eleven o'clock in the morning with not a cloud in the sky, and as we swept through the arch of trees covering the highway, we could catch glimpses of silvery waters of Loch Gare peeping through the leaves. However we soon left the highway along the Loch and branched off to the right into the hill district. Here, the trees did not crowd the highway and

we were able to see range after range of long brown hills, some of which were partially covered with trees, making a dark spot in the otherwise brown landscape. The road wound in and out and around the hills revealing at every turn newer and more beautiful sights than before. After a short journey through this land of romance, we turned off the main highway, and after disembarking from our charos, we walked up a tree-covered pathway to the little town of Luss. This is a peaceful little hamlet on the shores of Loch Lomond. We quickly traversed the street (there only is one street in Luss which leads down to the lake) with its vine-covered cottages and going down a small incline, went out on a small landing stage built out into the water. Before us lay the calm and peaceful expanse of Loch Lomond! My first sight of this famous lake was indeed an impressive one. All was still around us and not a ripple disturbed the clear surface of the water. To right and left stretched its silvery waters, disappearing round a bend to the left, and converging into a group of tree-clad islets to the right. Before us on the other side of the Loch rose the ever-present masses of brown hills, which were reflected on the perfect mirror of the lake. To the left in the distance rose the stately heights of Ben Lomond, reaching up to the sky, a landmark standing out among the brown tipped crests of its fellows. Looking down the lake to the right again, the low-lying islets lent a feeling of peace and security from the outside world. Here was nature, calm and unruffled, far from the hurry and bustle of modern life. Every one of the party felt this spirit within him and when one of them broke the intense silence and began the opening bars of that famous song: "On The Bonny Bonny Banks of Loch Lomond," with one accord the whole party joined in and soon the

echoes were sending back to us our own quiet strains. The singing gradually rose in volume until it sounded like an anthem, as tho' everyone were giving forth a prayer to God to thank Him for this perfect work. At that moment I felt a surge within myself which I have seldom if ever felt. Then as the song ended and we were reluctantly turning away to resume our journey, the reverent silence was rudely shattered by a truly plebeian sound. On looking round to see, we were astonished to see a sea-flea! Nothing else but a sea-flea speeding over the silent surface of the Loch at break-neck speed towards the opposite shore. The spell was broken and after one lingering glance behind us, we slowly trailed up the path towards our waiting charas and soon were on our way once more.

From Luss we followed the road, which led us along the pebbled shores, past Ben Lomond until the lake petered out into a shallow little bay with trees stretching down to the edge of the water. We turned southward then and came upon the little village of Arrochar at the head of Loch Long. After a few minutes rest here we continued our journey down Loch Long until we came to the stopping place for tea; the Shandon Hotel. This was a huge building of stone, which we were given to understand had formerly been the estate of some Scottish Laird. The place was magnificent and its velvet-grassed greens overlooked the still waters of Loch Long. At the time we were there, The Royal Yacht Club of Glasgow was holding its annual races and the Loch was dotted with numerous craft, from luxurious cruisers down to the frailest of sea-fleas. The sun was just setting over the opposite hills and the small boats flitting about below us in the twilight were the only moving things to be seen. When finally, the sun had sunk from sight into the hills, we turned back

to the Hotel for tea. After tea, we explored the magnificent grounds of the hotel until darkness set in and then embarking in our charas, set off once again, this time homewards towards Glasgow, where we caught the train for home. Thus ended one of the most wonderful days I have ever spent and one to be long remembered.

—John A. Whittaker,
5A.

TORONTO TO QUEBEC BY BOAT

Last summer it was my pleasure to take a boat-ride from Toronto to Quebec. I had never been on a voyage of any great length before and I looked forward with great interest to my journey down part of the world's greatest inland system of waterways.

We left Toronto in the afternoon and headed across the lake for Rochester. Although a strong wind was blowing, the lake was not very rough and the boat made good time, arriving at Rochester nearly on schedule. We stopped only for about an hour and then started back across the lake for Kingston. It was then about midnight.

Let me slip in a word of advice here, to all prospective travellers: "Be sure to reserve a berth." Sleeping on chairs or improvised cots is the "bunk"; I speak from experience; our sum total hours of sleep was three and one-half.

Early the next morning we arrived at Kingston. This city, as you know, is just at the head of Lake Ontario. Soon after we left Kingston we came to the first of the Thousand Islands. This renowned group of islands looked especially beautiful in the ruddy glow of the morning sun. The islands are scattered for several miles along the river. There are big islands, small

islands, medium-sized islands, and then more islands. Some are merely rocks jutting out of the water, others are several acres in area; almost all are thickly wooded. Many of the islands are owned by Americans who have their summer residences situated on them. These homes too, are very beautiful.

Gradually the islands became scarcer and you see before you the broad rolling St. Lawrence. For several miles the land on each side is fairly flat and almost bare of woods. Then as you go on, the banks become rockier and more steep, and also more thickly wooded. The country is very peaceful, there are few houses, only an occasional summer home. These are built, like old chateaus and make the country very picturesque. You pass an occasional busy little town but soon are in the open again.

In the forenoon we arrived at Cornwall where we had to change to a smaller boat which was to take us through the rapids. The river beyond Cornwall widens out in some places and becomes quite shallow so that channels have been dug to get around them. One particular channel, about a mile and a half long by some four hundred feet wide, has been cut through solid rock.

However, the most interesting part of the trip was yet to come, namely, "shooting the rapids." We were informed that there were four main groups of rapids and were told at approximately what time we would reach each one.

The first was the "Long Sault Group." Everyone crowded to the front and sides of the boat in order to see the rapids. As we approached them they became more and more formidable in appearance. The water was white with foam, the waves were high; the boat was caught in the swift current and we were in the midst of the turbulent water. The engines were shut off and the boat was allowed to drift with

the current. After we were through I could not help but think of what an exciting time the Indians must have had "shooting" the rapids in thin frail birch-bark canoes. These rapids are the deepest and swiftest in the St. Lawrence. They have a drop of forty-five feet in one and a half miles, and if a raft were placed in the water it would drift nine miles in forty minutes.

The next group which we passed, later in the afternoon, was the "Cedar" Rapids. These rapids are also very swift and have the largest visible drop of any of the groups.

A short time later, we passed the "Split Rock" rapids. It derives its name from the fact that there is a peculiar rock formation which runs directly across the river but there is a fault or slip in the formation which enables the boat to navigate through safely.

The river broadens out beyond these rapids and farther on it becomes Lake St. Louis. Looking away to the south of us we could see mountains which we were informed were a spur of the Alleghanies.

As we passed on, the river narrowed down again and we knew that we were due to arrive at the next group of rapids. Before we arrived we noticed a height of land on the horizon directly ahead of us, and we were told that this was Mount Royal. However, our attention was drawn to the rapids, which we were approaching, the famous "Lachine Rapids." These rapids are by far the most interesting and exciting of the whole river. They are swift and what makes them more thrilling is the fact that you see so many rocks jutting up out of the water; the boat passes so close to these rocks that you can almost reach out your hand and touch them. The boat rolls a great deal in these rapids but the rolling does not last long enough to prove disastrous.

After we had passed these rapids we centered our attention to the

city of Montreal, which we were rapidly approaching. The city with its suburbs occupies the island of Montreal. Midway on the island Mount Royal rears its impressive bulk to the height of six hundred feet. We soon docked at Victoria Pier but we did not have an opportunity of seeing any of the city as we immediately went aboard the boat for Quebec.

About this part of the trip I can tell you very little as the most of the passage was made at night. However, judging from what I did see in the early morning, the river is lined with steeper banks, than on the other side of Montreal. The river, too, is narrower and swifter.

As I said before we journeyed all night and by the time it was daylight, we were about ten miles above Quebec. Seven miles above Quebec we passed under the famous Quebec bridge. It was a matter of almost another hour before we rounded a cape and came into sight of Quebec city. What a fine view that city is from the river. The old, crowded Lower Town, and above it the fine new buildings of the Upper Town. Along the edge of Cape Diamond runs the outer wall of the fortification of the Citadel. These are the main points of interest that you notice from the boat as you are docking.

We immediately went to the Upper Town and found our way to the Dufferin Terrace. This is a board walk along the edge of the cliff, from which you can look down upon the Old Town. From this terrace you also command a fine view of the river. Directly opposite on the other shore lies the town of Levis. Looking towards the ocean, you see the island of Orleans, looking in the other direction, that is, up river, you see only thickly wooded country cut by the broad St. Lawrence.

We then followed around the wall of the Citadel until we came to the gate. We then went inside and were

conducted about the place by a guide. This old fortification is certainly an interesting place. It covers a large area; in our walk we covered one and a quarter miles and we did not go around the outside fortifications. We were informed that in the days when the fort was in use, the moat about it could be filled with water, brought from the St. Charles River, a distance of twelve miles, within twenty-four hours.

After a thorough inspection of the Citadel we set out towards the Plains of Abraham. This field is situated a short distance away from the fortifications. The plain is now a beautiful park surrounded by many shady walks. Along the walks are placed old cannons, some of which date as far back as the capture of Louisbourg. We did not visit Wolfe's Cove but we were shown just where it was. When we had thoroughly examined the park and vicinity we visited the Parliament buildings and some of the principal churches.

In the afternoon we took an electric tram and went to Ste. Anne de Beaupre. On this little side-trip we learned more about the old customs of the Quebec habitants than on any other part of our journey. The railway follows close along the shore; we came opposite the Isle of Orleans and from the train we could see the farms marked out in long narrow strips of land, as in the old days of the Seigneurs.

In the fields, we saw the farmers working, making hay. In our part of the country we are accustomed to see the farmer and his few hired men at work; here, however, the farmer employs his whole family, sometimes as many as seven or eight children helping; they have poorer implements in Quebec, the wagons are only small two-wheeled carts. The fields themselves look scarcely bigger than a good-sized city lot. However, the country is very picturesque. The white-washed houses and barns contrast beautifully with the green fields.

When we arrived in the village of Ste. Anne de Beaupre, it seemed that we had come into a different country. This little village has not been modernized. The street is narrow and is skirted by a narrow board walk; the houses are right against the walk.

Of course, the chief place of interest in Ste. Anne's is the Shrine and Relic of Ste. Anne. This Basilica, built in 1876, was destroyed by fire in 1922, and now a huge structure is under construction. The interior of this church is beautifully decorated; there are many fine paintings and statues, as is customary in all these churches. Of interest, too, are the many historical relics in the vestry, many of which have a long history, for example, the Mass Vestments were made and given by Anne of Austria, mother of Louis XVI of France.

The story of the first miracle wrought at this shrine in 1628 is an interesting one.

Louis Guimont, who was unable to work at the building of the church on account of a great infirmity which took away his strength, used to make frequent visits to the place. One day, through devotion, he took three stones, and put them in the foundation as best he could and was instantly cured of his disease. This is only one of hundreds of similar cases.

Another interesting place in this village is the Royal Museum. In this building is an exhibit of Wax Works and Oil Paintings. Included in the Wax Works is "The Last Moments of the Marquis de Montcalm," "The First French Canadian Couple who Lived at Ste. Anne de Beaupre, 250 years ago." Also the "Last Supper" reproduced in wax.

This concluded our tour of Beaupre and we returned to Quebec, stopping off on the way back to see the famous Montmorency Falls.

The next day we took the train for Montreal, and here we stopped for a day and a half. The first eve-

ning, we took a drive along the shore as far as Lachine. The next day we visited Mount Royal Park on the summit of Mount Royal. From the Look-out, we were given a fine view of Montreal and the St. Lawrence. That day we also visited the principal churches of the city.

This ended our visit in Eastern Canada as we took the train that night for parts known.

And now, all Canadians, list ye! If ever you have an opportunity to journey in this wonderful land of ours, take it by all means.

Be it to the east or to the west, see Canada first. —Grant Kroff, 5A.

"THIS IS THE LOVE"

This is the love that never dies—
The strong man's love for a stretch
of ties,
The length of steel as it follows the
trail
Over the mountains, bringing the
mail.

The engine starting with never a
strain
The limited train on the faster main;
The slow tugging length of freights
Laden with bacon hogs and crates.

The sting of the madly driven snow
That slaps the face a perpetual blow.
The song of the merrily clicking rails
Under the train which never fails.

The phantom plow with its reddish
hue
Hitting the drifts till it batters
through.
The office hand with his humdrum
day
As he waves "The Limited" on its
way.

This is the song of the pioneer
Fulfilling the words of the gifted
seer.
For after the dog-team sallying forth
The whistle sounds in the frozen
north. —WJR

LITERARY PRIZES

The "Collegian" Staff is indebted to all students who contributed in any way to the Collegian. We call your attention also to the contributions which received the Literary Prizes. These are:

Senior Story

Velma Swanson, first. Moreen Broad, second.

Senior Poem

John Whittaker.

A special prize was given by Miss McQueen for the best Rondeau which was won by John Anderson.

Junior Story

Donald Temple, first. Margaret Evans, second.

Junior Poem—Merle Kennedy.

AN APPRECIATION

The staff wish to express here their appreciation of the work and advice of Miss McQueen. Her work and time devoted to it have been a contributing factor to the success of past and present issues of the year book.

The staff are also indebted to those teachers who acted as judges in the literary contests; and appreciate the sympathetic interest of the whole teaching staff.

Miss Ross (in Latin period):
"Have you ever taken Latin?"

Ken. Cash: "I have."

Miss Ross: "What's the word for wine?"

Ken. Cash: "Vinum."

Miss Ross: "Will you decline it?"

Ken. Cash: "Not by a long shot."





SENIOR LITERARY EXECUTIVE

J. Anderson, H. Galloway, H. Leonard, J. Cawthorpe, V. Holmes.

THE SENIOR LITERARY ELECTIONS

It has been the custom during the last few years, for the nominees for the Senior Literary Society to band themselves together into parties. This term there were two parties and some independents. All the blackboards in the school were decorated with cartoons bringing the two opposing parties to our attention. The two parties were, "The Wee Collegians" and, "The Flaming Youths" and although both parties worked strenuously, neither party was elected as a whole. The candidates gave their platforms in the assembly hall and the following day the elections were held, and the successful candidates were as follows:

President—Joe Cawthorpe (Independent).

1st Vice-President—John Anderson (Flaming Youth).

2nd Vice-President — Howard Galloway (Wee Collegian).

Secretary—Helen Leonard (Wee Collegian).

Treasurer—Vivian Holmes (Independent).

Each form elected two representatives, a boy and a girl, and these are the results of the form-elections:

5A—Isobel Sim—Brock Monteith.

5B—Elsapie Halnan—Jack Neilson.

4A—Phyllis Patterson — Harry Bowra.

4B—Catherine Fisher — Fred Loomis.

3A—Helen Dufton—David Eastwood.

3B—Helen Dorland — Hugh Kennedy.

3C—Margaret Raymore — Lincoln Gruhn.

Spec. Com.—Callista Heinbuck —Lionel Beale.

3rd. Com.—Lorraine Till—Leonard Bannon.

The first meeting of the Senior Literary Society was held on Friday afternoon, November 22, in the Assembly Hall. The new president, Joe Cawthorpe, was in the chair, and after a few remarks, he announced that a few selections would be played by the school orchestra. Following this, Arthur Schmidt, 4A's violinist played "Leibesfreud" by Fritz Kreisler, and, as an encore, Intermezzo, from Cavalleria Rusticana. For an encore after "Sylvia," Christine Copus sang Carrie Jacobs-Bond's "Just A-Wearyin' For You." Phyllis Patterson followed this, giving an unusually good interpretation of "The Highwayman" by Alfred Noyes. Our prima donna, Lorna Lupton, sang "The Carnival" in her customary charming manner.

The last feature of the program was a comedy skit, "Box and Fox," put on by Catherine Kepkay, Lawrence Scobbie and Brock Monteith. It was well done and the student body literally rolled around their chairs with laughter all the time. The complications set in when one gentleman-roomer who slept all night and worked all day, (usually) decided to take a day off and returned to his room to find another gentleman who slept all day and worked all night occupying it. A heated argument followed as to the legitimate owner and the landlady was called. In tears, that worthy lady explained that she had hit upon this idea to keep both her roomers while her back-upstairs room was being done over. She let both men occupy the same room, one at night, the other during the day. All would have gone well had not the night gentleman returned during the day. After due consideration, the two gentlemen hit upon a plan of sharing the room till the back-upstairs room was finished, shook hands on it, became friends and sent the landlady away happy.

It was cleverly done and the actors deserve a lot of credit. Much, however, depends upon the direction. Perhaps when we mention that Miss McQueen supervised, everything is explained.

May all our Literary Meetings be as good!

ADDITIONS TO STAFF

Miss E. K. West, a graduate of Victoria College, University of Toronto, hails from Almonte, Ontario. Besides her duties as Physical Training Instructress, she teaches Lower School English and History.

Miss B. Stewart comes to us from Norwich, Ontario. She is a graduate of University College, University of Toronto and has charge of the Latin in the Lower School and in part of the Middle School.

Mr. W. H. Turner graduated from Victoria College, University of Toronto. He controls the boys' Athletics as well as teaching English and Algebra to the Lower School.

Mr. R. N. Bissonnette comes to us from the Seaforth Collegiate Institute. He is a graduate of Queen's University and O. A. C. His duty is to pound biology into the heads of Upper and Lower School students.

Miss M. J. Simpson got her degree from McMaster University. She teaches the Commercial Forms book-keeping and arithmetic.

Miss M. L. Edwards also of McMaster, teaches shorthand. She is a native of Winchester, Ontario.

Miss J. P. Cameron, in charge of the Domestic Science and the Cafeteria, is from O. A. C.

"A hunter was showing off his collection of trophies to a group of visitors. He was rapturously explaining how he acquired the various exhibits.

"See that elephant?" he said, "I shot it in my pajamas."

"Gracious," murmured the flapper, "how did he get there?"

SOCIETY PAGE

AT HOME, 1929

Although the snow lay in shoulder-high drifts and the thermometer kept falling alarmingly, the annual At-Home, held on December 19, was a bigger success than ever before, in the students' minds, at least.

At the entrance to the Assembly Hall, amid red and green draperies, Mr. and Mrs. Sprung, Mr. and Mrs. Fuller, Mr. and Mrs. Cameron, Miss McQueen, Miss Stuart, Miss Ross, Joe Cawthorpe, Helen Leonard, Morris Hay and Doris Myers, the reception committee, waited to welcome the arriving guests. Lively music was furnished both in the Auditorium and in the gymnasium by two competent orchestras, and games and even moving-pictures supplied in the classrooms for those who didn't dance.

In the intermission, a very attractive Dutch dance was put on by some students under the direction of Miss West. For the benefit of those in the gymnasium, it was repeated there. Miss West should be congratulated on her ability. Her dance "went over big."

Towards the close of the evening, much to the delight of the students and staff, Margaret Waugh arrived. Immediately, dancing was stopped and Miss Waugh received the recognition she so richly deserves. In winning the first Mary Mulock Scholarship in Classics she merited

praise, but when to that triumph she added the Flavelle Scholarship in Classics and the first Carter Scholarship—well! Margaret knows how proud Stratford and the Collegiate are of her. These were presented to her before the assembled guests by Mayor Andrew. John DeMille, another distinguished Stratfordite who won the third Carter Scholarship received his honours from Mr. Easson. Miss McQueen presented Helen Dorland with the Muriel Bothwell Medal for the highest efficiency in Household Science.

Shortly after midnight, the dance came to a smashing close, and the guests left, assured that they had never attended such an At Home.

Editor's Note

Special mention should be made of and thanks offered to the Kroehler Manufacturing Company for their great kindness and consideration in lending us lamps and chesterfields and in their treatment of our representatives at their factory. May we express our thanks to Mr. Trebell and his able assistants.

Thanks should also be extended to Mr. Fleming for lending us rugs.



SCHOOL NOTES

The Stratford Collegiate Biological Society

Of course everybody realizes that the fifth formers are the social elite of the school. But I fear that on account of the exclusiveness of the society some of the lower school students might not be aware of the most important social function of the day. I refer to the meetings of "The Stratford Collegiate Biological Society." This society consists of the school's "Upper Ten." At its meetings questions of the utmost biological importance are discussed. The decision is always awaited by the great scientific world with the keenest suspense. A difference of opinion occurred the other day which might have been disastrous but for the liberality of a member, Mr. L. Scobbie, who maintained in opposition to everyone else that the top of a frog's egg is light. A loud altercation ensued. Finally, when he saw the weight of opinion was against him, Mr. Scobbie graciously surrendered his position. It might also be mentioned that the authoritative voice of Mr. Bissonnette is raised in these meetings.

There are several research workers and specialists in this select group. Miss Elspie Halnan is trying the effects of ninety-eight per cent. on parents. Her results are encouraging and she hopes soon to increase the dose to one hundred per cent. Then there is Mr. J. B. Neilson. He specialized in keeping a neat record of the meetings. We are sure his manuscript will be very valuable. It looks like an antique already. Ella Hanke has decided that she is too lady-like to cut up animals; she, therefore, devotes herself exclusively to flowers. Miss Wittig, on the other hand, determined not to bother with soft useless flowers but to tackle the problem from the animal's point of view. Lorna Lupton has proved to be a very im-

portant member of the society inasmuch as she gives us very valuable information on the cleaning of grain and on the eradication of farm weeds. We mustn't forget Joe Cawthorpe; Joe, being a doctor's son, is very efficient in skinning little harmless creatures. We sincerely hope Joe will follow his father's line of work. Our most capable research worker, Madeline Westman, discovered the other day that a great deal of wind is necessary to blow up a cat's lung. Madeline assures us that she will spread the news throughout Granton and the surrounding district. Of course, the most prominent member of our society is Edward R. Barret. Edward's discoveries are so profound that it would be impossible to describe them.

FIFTH FORM NOVELS

"The Beauties of Woodstock," by Drever Robertson.

"Late, Too Late," by J. B. Neilson.

"Red Hair," by Gladys Jickling.

"How to be Nifty," by George Doxey.

A certain clergyman was officiating at the funeral of a wealthy parishioner and was particularly anxious to show his good will and sympathy. So at a critical moment during the funeral services, he turned to the congregation and said: "Dearly beloved, many a time, I have dandled this corpse on my knee."

Wright: "Why did you stop singing in the choir?"

Baker: "Because one day I didn't sing and somebody asked me when the organ was fixed."

Mr. Bryan: "What's the difference between nectar and Elixir?"

Bill Campbell: "Before marriage he nectar and now Elixir."



WINNERS OF THE SIGNALLING TROPHY.

Standing—B. Morrow, D. Nichol, J. Sealy, L. Fraser, E. Bruce, W. Gregory, M. Campbell, J. Anderson, G. Kropf, G. Burton, John Gregory, M. Duff.
 Seated—E. Costford, D. McCaul, K. Gregory, S. Johnson, Mr. C. A. Bryan, H. Nichol, W. Oman.

Limerick

In Form 5A you may sometimes see,
Two gossips with initials M and V,
At whom with a frown
Mr. Fuller shouts down,
"All you need is a cup of tea."

In Memoriam

It is with deep regret that we speak of the recent death of Brock Monteith who passed away after a most severe attack of the dread disease algebrosis. Brock was everyone's friend and our deepest sympathies are extended to his confederates.

There is a young fellow named Baker,
Whose feet occupy just one acre;
Wherever he goes he's ashamed of his nose,
This funny young fellow named Baker.

WELL-KNOWN SAYINGS

Far be it from me to disturb you.
Surely I don't hear any talking at the back of the room, do I?

McCully, will you please take the front seat?

We're almost certain that no one would mind in the least if Squeak Monteith could just find a few more peanut clusters in her desk and pass them around.

If gum is useful as fuel, Mr. Beadle ought to be exceedingly grateful to "Special" for the daily waste-paper basket supply.

Miss Easson's daily lamentation—
Too late, too late, ye shall not enter here.

Miss Simpson: Put your papers on my desk and "pass out."

Harry Hayhow is afraid to think hard in school; it might prove fatal.

C. Heinbuch reads only the ads now!

The doctors give a favourable report as to the condition of Bob McCully. Bob was confined to his bed for a period of three weeks. This was the outcome of the Easter ex-

aminations. He was watched very carefully during the period of examination preparation, but to no avail. He was determined to stand at the head of Special. The other members of his class think that this heroic sacrifice of his health should be brought to the eye of the great mass of students all over the province as an example.

ON HER BRIGHTNESS

There is a certain girl,
So very, very clever,
We all wonder, possibly
If she's run by a lever.

She sits right at the back
Of good old Form 5A,
And during all the maths,
Her brilliant mind holds sway.

However I can dare,
To sit next to this star
Must puzzle all the teachers,
And give them quite a jar.

One day into her secret,
I tried quite hard to pry,
When asked how it was done,
Replied she, "This is why."

So I sat down prepared
To get from this young sage
A new and learned dictum,
That would surprise this age.

I thought that it would be,
A very deep laid scheme,
(Perhaps she was a robot
As told by Miss McQueen.)

So then I held my breath,
And took out a new sheet
To copy down the words
Of the young maid so sweet.

When what to my surprise,
The few words that she said
Were, "It's because I always
Go early to my bed."

Questionnaire—When did that happen, Marion?

—M. Mc.

THE CAREFUL VS. CARELESS DRIVERS

One afternoon a well-known fourth former, in a vain effort to vindicate himself before the eyes of the school, spent a fruitless half hour arguing with himself on the subject of the careless driver. The speaker in a well-planned, well-delivered speech, thundered before the tribunal in a manner worthy of a great orator or debater. "The faster a man travels, the more careful he becomes," he said. "Well the man who has recently made a record 260 miles per hour, or thereabouts, must indeed be a careful driver. This cannot be doubted. For the man who can travel at that rate of speed and get off without a broken neck has to be a careful driver." In true legal form the honourable speaker reasoned thus, "In court most witnesses swear they were going 34.999 miles per hour." (A while ago it used to be 25 miles per hour) Therefore, since so very few accidents occur at the greater speeds are they not safer speeds? A man in the road should not waver between two decisions. If he wants to pass a car ahead of him let him do it. It's when he changes his mind that his own car gets familiar with another one. The speaker did not make mention of the popular back-seat driving, because he himself drives a coupe, and possibly hasn't had any experience.

Words, words! Idle words! If you want a practical example of a corner on two wheels, "the Little Lakes in 53 seconds," or "20 times round on a slippery pavement," go for a ride with Paul Jones, but first of all take out a life insurance policy, or take a parachute with you.

There was a young man named Scott
Who didn't do just as he ought,
One day it was said, if you don't
use your head
Of a certainty you'll come to nought.

COMING EVENTS

(Attention Joke-Lovers)

Rumour has it that 3A's wise-crackers, Al Robb and Stan Byers will embark on their stage career in the near future. They will be playing at the Majestic Theatre from March the 32nd to the 37th under the name of "Nit and Wit." One of their best jokes will be:

Nit: "Ah hea' yo' wife done had her nose broke in three places."

Wit: "Sho', sho', but dat will teach her to keep 'way f'om dem places."

(Their private life will be given on request.)

Miss McQueen has announced her intention of giving a "Vocabulary Social" for the students who failed to come up to the mark in a recent test. A large attendance is expected from 3rd form.

Dave Eastwood, alias Clara Bow, has been urged by prominent members of the class to try his luck in Hollywood. It is widely expected that, with his golden hair and rugged physique, he will make a big hit with the directors and actresses in that well-known city.

It seems quite in order to mention That now-a-days we have no detention;

When students come late, they are given no date

To sit half-an-hour in detention.

In Fifth we have one Gordon Wright,

Who sits up to study each night;
By morning we think his grey matter's pink,

This remarkable student called Wright.

Miss McQueen: "Give me an example of a paradox."

McCaffery: "A man walking a mile and only moving two feet."

NOTES AND COMMENTS

The little talks that Mr. Adamson gives on "Homebaking" are very helpful and instructive and it is a safe bet that none of us will forget the baking powder or yeast in our future attempts at that art.

THE PERPLEXITY COLUMN

Ernie asks:

For some time I have been going with a young lady friend, taking her to church, dances and what not. I should like to know if it would be all right for me to take her to the theatre alone?

Ans.:—Certainly not. We suggest that you take your father along.

Bridges asks:—Can you tell me a new excuse to give Mr. Cameron?

Ans.:—No. We have a hard enough time thinking up our own excuses.

COMMENTS

A few dozen ear trumpets are wanted for use in second form during French Period.

Stan Frazer is so well up in his languages that he speaks French instead of English when he means Latin.

Doesn't Ken. look well in that rugby helmet of Will's?

Battersby needs only 179 to pass in Latin.

Did you ever hear Andy McIntosh play (?) a trumpet?

Why was 2D beaten by 2C in basketball? Was it the absence of Hanlon? We wonder.

NEW BOOKS

"The Undone Homework"—By Cyril Gilliland.

"How to Use a French Dictionary"—by P. D. Smith.

"Oratory Simplified"—by Morris Hay.

"Cookery Hints"—By M. Nethcott.

"An Oasis in the Desert"—By Robert Mee.

WANTED

A detective to capture a ghost who shoots paper wads at noon and occasionally during Latin period. Apply 2C.

MEMORIES

I sometimes wonder as older we grow

How many will I recall

At the school beside the Avon

Where the waters gently fall?

Where we worked with a will from
nine till four,

Teachers and scholars in tune.

Then blundered out six hundred
and more

Like bumblebees in June.

In memory we'll see the boys at
play,

Under those shady trees,

Rugby or baseball 'twas always the
same—

Jolly fellows? Yes; were we.

As through this world our way we
make

With courage; its knocks and blows
to take.

Shame on those whose thoughts never
fly

Back to the days at the S. C. I.

Yes, those days we must surely re-
member

As the years roll swiftly by,

And the boys we hope to meet again
The boys of the S. C. I.

There was a nice boy named Vic
In the gym capered agile and quick
His chums to his woe

Filled his boots up with snow

Now he really thought this was too
thick (poor Vic.)

LOST

A thoroughbred terrier by an elderly gentleman, with black feet and black patch over right eye. Answers to name of "Jiggs."

LOST

Latin homework in a Latin textbook. Book valuable as keepsake and the homework is very useful. Apply J. Fox, 2D.

SCHOOL NOTES

Want Ads

1. Widow wants washing.
2. A horse to do the work of a country minister.
3. Mr. Bare, furrier, begs to announce that he will make furs, coats, etc., for ladies out of their own skins.
4. Bird Cage and parrot offered by a refined lady, having green feathers and a yellow beak with a black ring around neck.

IN A NUTSHELL

Once upon a time, dear children, there lived a king in the land of Idontknowwhere and he was not happy and his kingdom prospered not. And calling together all the wise men of that land he said unto them: "O savants, tell me what is wrong that my country does not prosper even as the kingdom of Droftats: tell me the truth or I shall cut off your heads."

Whereat the wise men were sore dismayed and would have liked to vanish had not Keeko left his magic wand at home. And all eyes fell on Manna who slipped to the king and bowing low and long he said: "O king, may you live forever." And the king replied: "It is for you to see to it that I do! Proceed!" And the wise man spake on, "O king, you shall live forever but your kingdom does not prosper because the royal bookkeeping system is old-fashioned and cumbersome." And the king was exceeding angry and straightway besought him his chief executioner and gave orders that he might cut off the head of the insolent wise man.

These things having been done and his anger having been somewhat appeased, he asked what was the best thing in the respect to the doing.

Since it was replied him nothing, it befell that the king thought that perhaps the old man had right and he fain would have dropped a tear, had it not been for the fact that he wore spectacles. Nevertheless it was permitted the wise men to speak as they would.

And each in his turn gave much advice and theories on the delicate art of bookkeeping. And after much waste of words, after which the king grew restless, and seemed as if he would order a few executions, the bold Aferod approached the king: and having respectfully scraped he spake: "O king, you shall live forever but if you want your kingdom to do the same with you, you must telephone the Loochighhs (pronounced hi-skool) for a graduate of Special Commercial to take over the Royal Accounts and lo! in a twinkling, at a blow, your sick system will be well again and your kingdom will prosper forever and a day."

And the king did as he was bid and he lived happily ever after.

The End.

Margaret Lowe: "What are you doing to-night, Lawrence?"

Scobbie: "I'm taking up fencing at the Y. M. C. A."

Margaret Lowe (simpering sweetly): "Oh are you going to be a farmer, too?"

Miss Stuart: "Give the pres. indic. of the verb 'to sleep,' Kaufman."

Dave (dreamily): "J'ennuie, tu dozes, il snooze, nous snorons, vous disturbez, ils awakent."

Stranger at S. C. I.: "How do you do! I've heard so much about you!"

Alma Richards: "But you will have a hard time proving it."



JUNIOR LITERARY EXECUTIVE

E. Cosford, D. Myers, M. Hay, S. Johnson, D. Smith.

JUNIOR LITERARY SOCIETY

Early in October there was some excitement in Lower School owing to the elections of Junior Literary Society. The candidates did a great deal of campaign work and there was some question as to who would be elected. The results which were very satisfactory, were as follows:

President—Morris Hay.

1st Vice-President — Sydney Johnson.

2nd Vice-President — Dorothy Smith.

Secretary—Doris Myers.

Treasurer—Ted Cosford.

The various forms were represented by:

2A—Douglas Nickel — Patricia Smith.

2B—Harold Roper—Ann Stevenson.

2C—Eric Webb—Katherine Pigeon.

2D—

C2A—Marie Garbutt.

C2B—Mildred Dannecker—Gordon Black.

1A—Catherine Nicols — Allan Klopp.

1B—Dorothy Farrow — Fred Gray.

1C—G. Seigner—Frank Wik.

1D—Dorothy Ruthig — Jack Smith.

1E—Fred Tomlin.

C1A—Blanche Basset.

C1B—Ellen Hayhow — Graham King.

The first open meeting of the Junior Literary Society was held in the Assembly Hall on October 31st. On opening the meeting the president, Morris Hay gave an excellent and appropriate speech in which he thanked those who elected him. 2B, 1B, 2A, 1A and the corresponding commercial forms were responsible for the interesting program. Gert-rude Theodore and Ann Stevenson gave pleasing piano solos. Donald

Kennedy and Charles Tretheway also contributed to the musical program with violin solos. Between these selections Margery Lashbrook gave a recitation and Doris Myers rendered a delightful vocal solo. The boys of 2A and 2B presented a scene from Henry IV which seemed very humorous to the audience.

One of the main features of the program was the reading of the highly amusing paper, The Gas Bag, by the writer, Eric Webb. During several intervals the orchestra rendered several pleasing numbers which were enjoyed by all. The meeting closed with the singing of the National Anthem.

CLEVER

Some of the Clever Students of S. C. V. I. for the Year 1929-1930

UPPER SCHOOL

The following students of the Upper School have obtained First-Class Honours (75% and over) on the term examinations:

J. Anderson, E. Bruce, R. Brydone, J. Cawthorpe, E. Halnan, E. Hammond, A. Henry, B. Monteith, V. Ney, I. Sim, M. Smith, C. Wilson.

MIDDLE SCHOOL

The following students of the Middle School have obtained First-Class Honours (75% and over) on the term examinations:

M. Broad, W. Campbell, C. Copus, B. Doherty, M. Dunseith, J. Galloway, J. Gregory, J. Herold, A. Hill, M. Kennedy, F. King, B. Morrow, M. Moser, I. McMillan, G. McTavish, G. Paskall, P. Rieder, A. Schmidt.

LOWER SCHOOL

The following students of the Lower School have obtained First-Class Honours (75% and over) on the term examinations:

E. Ballantyne, J. Bradshaw, H. Buchanan, K. Clark, A. Conyard, K. Cosens, A. Coulter, T. Cumming, E. Damm, M. Dunsmore, G. Edmunds, D. Farrow, E. Freeborn, I. Garrod, E. Gillies, L. Goodwin, K. Gregory, J. Groves, B. Hall, M. Henry, C. Huiser, E. Illingworth, M. Ingram, S. Johnson, M. Kennedy, A.

Klopp, G. Koch, M. Lashbrook, I. Leney, A. Lennox, G. Mallion, J. Martell, D. Mason, M. Messersmith, R. Middleditch, F. Miller, E. Mills, J. McCaul, M. McDonald, C. McNamara, M. Nethercott, C. Nicholson, D. Nickel, H. Odbert, A. Plummer, M. Rankin, B. Reinhart, T. Salter, B. Saunders, D. Smith, L. Smith, J. Smythe, R. Sprung, B. Stapleton, A. Stevenson, H. Sylvester, J. Taylor, D. Temple, J. Tevlin, G. Theodore, L. Tout, A. Tretheway, B. Turner, E. Walker, L. Walpole, E. Webb, J. Wenzil, A. Whiteside, M. Wimpory.

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT

The following students of the Commercial Department have obtained First-Class Honours (75% and over) on the term examinations:

R. Beech, D. Bishop, M. Bull, L. Dean, M. Evans, H. Galloway, E. Gates, A. Gerbi, R. Kane, A. Kearney, V. Milliken, P. McAtee, L. Roth, R. Smith, L. Till, I. Vanstone.

In fifth there are three Graces,
In respect to their looks—they have faces.

Bill Douglas and Ted, have tendencies "Red"

Yes, we fear they're all off their bases.



Acta Nepeani Westboro, H. S.—A very good magazine. We would suggest that you include more short stories.

Lux Glebana, Glebe C. I. Ottawa—You have a splendid magazine with extremely good cuts. We should like to see a larger literary content.

Vox Lycei, Lisgar C. I. Ottawa—Yours is one of our best exchanges and contains one of the most amusing and original short stories we have ever read.

Conning Tower, Weston C. V. I.—You have a well balanced book, with a full and interesting literary section. Why not try a few cartoons? They help.

The Monocle, Simcoe, N. S.—The "Monocle" is an excellent book. Your poetry is very good. Keep at it.

The Grumbler, Kitchener-Waterloo C. & V. S.—We congratulate you on your very attractive magazine. Your arrangement of materials and headings is particularly good.

Windsor-Walkerville Tech.—Your book is very complete with school news and current events of importance in your city. We would suggest a few more cartoons.

Tech. Tatler — Very interesting. Clever stories and articles. A few cuts would brighten up your book.

Purple & Gold, Newmarket H. S.—A splendid book with a well-developed literary section. We should like to see

you include a poetry section in your magazine.

The Parkdalian, Parkdale C. I. Toronto—An attractive cover design and an extractive all-round magazine. One of the best and brightest.

Oracle, London South C. I.—A very attractive design and a splendid content. We are pleased to see your moderns section but have looked in vain for the poet's corner.

The L. C. C. I. Review, London—We like your magazine very much, both outside and in. You have some excellent articles and cartoons.

Salt Shaker, Nutana C. I. Saskatoon—Greetings, Nutana! We hope to hear from you again. Your publications are very newsy and interesting and deal with all departments exceptionally well.

Paris High Year Book—A very complete and interesting book, but can't we get away from the Canada Year Book arrangement.

Shelbourne High Year Book—Well done, Shelbourne! You have a splendid poetry section and a very well-balanced book. A few more cartoons would brighten your magazine.

O. A. C. Review—Very interesting and instructive.

Hermes, Humberside, C. I. Toronto—Congratulations, "Hermes," on winning the trophy at the '29 Convention. Yours is certainly a splendid magazine, and our best exchange.



Mary Semple—Canadian Department Stores.

Eric Long—Classic Upholstering Company.

Dorothy McTague, Dorothy Arbogast, Marjorie Litt, Daisy Jones, Silvia Weiss, Roy Aitcheson, Gladys Afflick, Dorothy Willis, Winnifred Henderson, Laurence Shore, Rose Shaw, Frances Kastner, Rose Sylvester, and Martha McIntosh, are all at home this year.

Christine Allen—Loretto Abbey, Toronto.

Helen Hill—Living in Southampton.

Clarence Sage—Working in his father's store.

Charlie Benner—Kroehler's.

Jack Wyatt—Stratford Brass Co.

Verna Siegal—London Life Insurance Office.

Ruth Harvey—Bell Telephone Co.

Irene Muma—Northway's store.

Charlotte Wyatt—Kerr's Garage.

Alma Koch—Nurse-in-training.

Ivy Gonder—Nursing in London.

Wilfred Clark—Swift Canadian Plant.

Margaret Henderson—Galt Hospital, Nurse-in-training.

Lillian Chenoweth—Bell Telephone Co., Kitchener.

Muriel Jones — Metropolitan Stores.

Ross Farquharson—Living in California.

Dave Wilson—An apprentice in the shops.

Elva Sylvester—Teaching in Toronto.

Muriel Wreford—Bell Telephone Company.

"Ab" Spencer—Kroehler's.

Helen Heideman—Canadian Department Stores.

Mae Haviland—Nursing.

Ward Neild—Working in a Bond office, Montreal.

Ed. Wilson—On Farm.

Elsie Hamilton—At Laurel, teaching school.

Dorothy Chenoweth — Working in Kitchener.

Ralph Rumig — Wingfelder's store.

Margaret Browne—Loretto Academy.

Harold Bexton—Chair Factory.

Marjorie Dunseith—Registry Office.
 Marion Hannam—Metropolitan Stores.
 Edna Solomon—Stillman's new plant.
 Archie Cumming—O. A. C.
 John Ballantyne—At home.
 Jean Caldwell—Ballantyne's Office.
 John McGuire—C. N. R. Shops.
 Grace MacMillan—At Patterson's Book Store.
 Nita Thane—McLagan's Office.
 Grace Tuer — Teaching near Shakespeare.
 George Burton—At the Bell Telephone Co.
 Elsie Kincaide — Working at Lloyd's Wholesale.
 Daisy Hollefreund—Helping her father at the Maitland Studio.
 Mary Abraham—Working at the Dominion Stores.
 Bud Kearney — Sutherland's Store.
 Bob Upton—Working on the farm.
 Mac Duff—Preston-Noelting Co.
 Helen Humber—At home studying music.
 Edwin Schenk—City Engineer's Office.
 Edgar Goettler — Sutherland's Store.
 Irene Croxall — Bradshaw's Store.
 Lily Shaw—Northway's Store.
 Leonard Baird—Swift Canadian Plant.
 Ethel Baker—Canadian Department Stores.
 Glen Gourlay—McLagan's.
 Phyllis Wietersen—Ballantyne's.
 Esther Ellam—Canadian Department Store.
 Marjorie Levi—At Home.
 John Forest—Well's Academy, St. Mary's.
 John Baxter—Canadian Department Stores.
 Martha Mitchell — Working in Rankin's.
 Dorothy Wallis—In office of The

Somerville Box Co., London.
 Orval Thompson — Stratford Chair Factory.
 Mary Forrest—At Home.
 Dorothy Barthel—Bank of Montreal, Granton.
 Georgie Killer—In C. N. R. Station Office.
 Lionel Beale—At home.
 Velma Armstrong—Our office girl.
 Harry Dallner—Bank of Commerce, Sebringville.
 Irene Garrod—Bank of Commerce.
 Ian Hamilton—Kroehler's.
 John Kerr—Chair Factory.
 Brock Nichols—Out west.
 Roy Aitcheson—At home.
 Rita Vint—At home.
 Eileen Hodgkin — Dominion Stores.

The following students who attended the S. C. V. I. last year are attending the Normal School here:

Edith Dawe, Mabel Dadswell, Edna Fussee, Alice Gibbs, Helen Oman, Irene Plummer, Ilene Seigner, Margaret Smith, Agnes Waddell, Constance Munroe, Caro Harrison, Mary Doherty, Margaret Neilson, Violet Chowen, Clarice Davey, Murray Campbell, John Tyler, Bernard Laverty, Strang Neilson, Arnold Smith.

Attending the University of Toronto

Margaret Waugh—Classics.
 John De Mille—Commerce and Finance.
 Wilfred Gregory—Law.
 Fred Hotson—Ministry.
 William Rutherford—Medicine.
 John Orr—Medicine.
 Donald Dove—Commerce and Finance.
 Helen Sanderson—Second Year Classics.
 Nellie MacBeth—Second Year History and English.
 Clarence Cooper—Second Year Forestry.
 Mel Angus—Second Year Commerce and Finance.

(Continued on page 49)

Valedictory of Graduating Class of 1930

ONCE more the school year draws to a close as again the spring days lengthen and life and nature return. We see about us the familiar sights and hear the sounds of the returning season—babbling brooks and singing birds and budding woods — as we look back over the year just past and forward to the year shortly to follow. But behold; a year follows which is not associated with the familiar class-room in the old school on the hill, and we realize with a sudden pang of sorrow, as also of vague expectation and excitement, that we have reached the parting of the ways, and our years of Collegiate life are gone forever. "Parting is such sweet sorrow."

We can hardly believe that it is so. But yesterday, it seems, we were ushered into the great mysterious corridors, already men and women in our own estimation, at the beginning of a high school career. But yesterday we had viewed before us five long, interminable years of assiduous labour, and now today we find ourselves about to step out into the world. No! it is not with that boundless joy and freedom which we had then thought to experience, but rather with a feeling of sadness. Memory recalls to us "the smiles, the tears, of boyhood's years," as we see again in the mind's eye our old companions, departed, so many of them, forever.

Again we are in that little old first form far down in the basement or in some outside school. The theme of all our poems, our stories, our talk — the new school which will never come.

Second year dawns, and lo! it is here. All our dreams and hopes are realized, as again we sit in bright and airy rooms and feel awakening within us an unexpected love for our surroundings.

And now as we return in our third year there is a vacant chair. Our principal, our venerable white-haired principal of some forty years has left us. With deepest regret we see him depart; with most sincere happiness we welcome his successor, another honored friend and respected teacher — Mr. Sprung. And so in our brief five years of school life, we the graduating class of 1930 (if we do graduate) have witnessed some very sweeping changes in the old school.

It is now—in third, fourth and fifth forms, that we are thoroughly imbued with school spirit. We know now the meaning of the red and green, its associations throughout the years — and we are proud to realize that under that banner many a famous man and woman has gone out into the world. We begin to wonder about our own future and realize that we shall soon be away from the kindly shelter—out braving the storms of life, and with no armour but that which we have forged in these school days.

Only when we are about to leave it do we realize what Collegiate has meant to us. The actual information gleaned from our study books constitutes but one small part of the many-sided training and experience that we have received. Here in school we have formed ties and habits never to be broken, habits to grow on us and model our lives and guide our feet in the years to come. We see now that there has been a purpose, and a worthy one. We must have learned reliability, we must have learned discipline of self and these lessons we must carry with us into the world that we may uphold the faith of the Union Jack even in upholding the faith of the red and green.

And we must be worthy of these colours and that name. Tradi-

tion is ours; honour is ours at its very mention. Your life and mine, in our many and varied occupations, in every land and clime on the face of the earth, is the best and the only tribute to our teachers and our school. It is through us that people will see them—we are mirrors reflecting to the world the image of the Stratford Collegiate Institute. The torch has been flung to us — it is ours to ever hold high.

ALUMNI

(Continued from page 47)

Lawrence Anderson — Second Year Classics.

Fred Eidt—Second Year Forestry.

Merv. Spencer, George Scrimgeour, and Johnston Langan—Second Year Mechanical Engineering.

Fred Snider—Second Year Arts.

Dorothy McTavish and Ethel Clarke—Second Year Occupational Therapy.

At Western University

Mary Strudley—Second Year Secretarial Science.

Mary Hills—Second Year History and English.

John Wilker—Second Year Mathematics.

Harry Yeandle—Second Year Commerce and Finance.

Donald Trebell and Jim Cole-ridge are at Upper Canada College.

Betty Ney is attending Westervelt School, London.

The following are going to business College:

Gladys Eickmeier, Cecilia Duncan, Sada Moffatt, Winnifred Bennington, Alex. Stevenson and Madeline Lightfoot.

Dorothy Farquharson — Attending Toronto Normal, taking the Kindergarten Course.

Margaret McHattie — Attending Harbord Collegiate, Toronto.

Online Fulton—Shaw's Business School, Toronto.

Attending the Loretto Academy in the City are:

Helen Cosens, Mary Spencer, Pauline Byrick.

Gwendolyn and Arthur Snell are living in Brantford.

Annie Abey—Living in Toronto.

Marie Keeswater—Attending the Kitchener-Waterloo Collegiate.

Margaret Hern—Living in Toronto.

Desmond Purcell—Working in St. Thomas.

"Buck" Dempsey—Working in Toronto.

Rae Lambert—General Motors.

Clifton Leith and Warren Brown—Messengers at the Royal Bank.

John MacCallum—Bank of Montreal.

Bruce Nichols—Working at the Bank of Commerce.

Ken Cook—Messenger at the Bank of Toronto.

Harold Clarke — Working at Whyte's Butcher Shop.

Leroy Zurbrigg—T. V. B. Bakery.

Rae Mann—Junior at Gregory and Jury's.

Jack Macaulay, Stewart Moore and David Merklinger, are working at Ballantyne's.

Reynolds Moffatt—Reporter at the Beacon-Herald.

Doris Chowen—Working at the Perth Mutual.

Agnes Delamere—Office girl at the Metropolitan Stores.

Jack Anthony — Agnew-Surpass Shoe Store.

Anderson: "I met a fellow the other day, who thought a football coach had four wheels."

Fraser Hay: "Ha! Ha! Ha! And how many wheels has the darn thing?"



FAVORITE PASTIME
OF COLLEGIATE
TEACHERS AT
EXAM. TIME.

STUDENT
BODY



"CEDRIC" STEVENSON
(1ST) SEASONED
VETERAN, SHOWS
REMARKABLE
UNDERSTANDING
OF THE GAME



NIFTY!



FAST AND TRICKY
DENT. DEFENCEMAN.
MISOTTO: "GET
YOUR MAN, THE
POCK WON'T
GO FAR!"



DANCING
ALA "CY" WHITTAKER.



J.B. NEILSON, WELL-KNOWN
5th FORMER
HAS ACCEPTED
A POSITION IN
W.J. McCULLY'S
EMPORIUM.



SEA FLEA.
TED. BARRETT'S
FAVORITE SONG
IS NO LONGER
"ASLEEP IN
THE DEEP."



"GLOOMY GUS" GRAHAM HAS
DECIDED TO BECOME A
PREACHER, RATHER THAN A
FUNERAL DIRECTOR.



HARRY HAYHOW SETS NEW
RECORD: 35 ERRORS
IN 10 MINS.



SENIOR PRIZE STORIES

FIRST PRIZE STORY

The Ring

By Velma Swanson—4A

Dr. Robert Alexander was very much interested in Egyptian articles. In fact, he was a noted authority on them and wrote many editorials concerning them.

On the evening of the 21st of May he was riding to Paris, for the purpose of collecting information in the Egyptian room at the Louvre. Arriving in Paris, he immediately went to his hotel, but as it was early, he decided to go to the Louvre at once, get his information, and leave for home early in the morning. He called a taxi, and soon had made his way to the Egyptian room. Dr. Alexander knew the place well, and soon had found what he desired. While mentally making note of the objects which interested him, he happened to glance into a large mirror which hung on the wall. He stood transfixed, for at the other end of the room was a figure almost unearthly, as if one of the mummies themselves had come to life. His skin was shiny as marble, his face shaped like that of an Egyptian, his eyes—ah! who could describe them? Mysterious eyes, weary, despairing eyes, which saw so much and revealed so little. Dr. Alexander saw that he was an attendant, and always interested in faces, he managed to come closer to the man. Then, summoning his courage, he asked:

"You are an Egyptian, are you not?"

For a moment those eyes flashed fire. Then the man curtly answered: "Non, Monsieur, je suis Francais," and he walked away.

Dr. Alexander, after pondering for a moment, shrugged his shoulders,

and took out his note-book. In a shadowed corner, where he might be free to think, he sat down and began to write his editorial. For a few minutes, his pencil rushed along, then the motion became slower, and Dr. Alexander, overcome by fatigue, fell asleep.

The guards, closing the doors, did not notice the sleeping man as he sat in the shadow, and silence fell over the Louvre, broken only by his breathing.

About one o'clock, he started and awoke. For a few minutes, he wondered where he was; then looking around him, he realized, and with a grim sort of humour, wondered how he was going to get out of the place. He was rising from his chair, when he saw a light coming towards him. Shrinking back into his corner he watched with a beating heart. The light came nearer, and then he saw behind it the face of the Egyptian, glowing vividly in the glare. The man stopped at the other end of the room, looked about him, then ran quickly to where the mummies stood. One, which apparently had never been unswathed, he laid on the floor. Quickly and with shaking fingers, he unrolled the bandages, one by one. As he took the last one off, a mass of black hair fell over the floor. It was a girl, very beautiful, her face perfectly preserved. Dr. Alexander caught his breath in amazement. It was a masterpiece in embalming. The girl remained perfectly as she must have been in life.

But the effect on the Egyptian startled him still more. The man fell on his knees, crying: "Ma petite, ma

petite." Then he rose quickly and opened a drawer containing rings. He took out two or three large platinum ones with large brilliants in the centre, and poured a liquid over them, apparently to test the platinum. He gave a shriek of joy and held one to the light. In his excitement, he knocked the liquid on the floor and it flowed until it reached Dr. Alexander's feet. The Egyptian mopping it up, came face to face with his unseen audience. For a moment, he was utterly dumbfounded, then recovering his composure, he angrily demanded why he was there. Dr. Alexander began to explain as well as he could, then breaking off, he cried:

"Look at the mummy."

The face had fallen in, it was ugly. A few minutes exposure had destroyed the effect of that marvellous emblaming, and now the face was like that of other mummies. The Egyptian uttered a low moan, then turning to the man beside him, he said in English:

"Come with me."

Dr. Alexander followed him into an exquisite sitting-room, and the man began to speak.

"You were right," he said, "I am an Egyptian, and I am going to tell you the strangest story that you have ever heard. Since you have watched my movements to-night, I shall explain them to you. I was born six-them to you. I was born sixteen hundred years before the birth of Christ. You shrink, away from me. Wait, and you will see that I am more to be pitied than feared.

"My father was a prince, and I was educated by the best priests. They taught me especially the arts of nature and science. I was an apt pupil and by the time I was sixteen, I had learned all that they could teach me. After that, I studied Nature myself, keeping all I found a secret. I was deeply interested in the problem of life. It seemed so short to me, and I wondered why I could not find some

mixture which would so fortify the body that it would live for thousands of years, I experimented for years, using animals, slaves and myself. I need not tell you of my researches. You would not understand them. It is sufficient to say that I found a substance which, if taken, would preserve the body against disease and time; in short, I have found the Elixir of Life.

"About this time, I met a very beautiful girl with whom I fell madly in love. I wooed her and she learned to love me. But I had a rival, who like myself, was interested in science. I hold him of my secret substance, and both of us, in the folly of youth, took some of it.

"Shortly after this, a plague broke out in the city. I worked among the sick, never fearing because I knew I could not die. My sweetheart marvelled at my daring, so one day I told her of my secret and begged her to take some of my Elixir. But she was afraid, and begged me to wait until the next day. I agreed, but a dull foreboding came over me. The next morning when I went to her home, she was dying. The plague had reached her too. But I saw her before she died and she told me that she would be waiting for me always; I, who had to live for thousands of years. For months I was delirious, but I could not die. One night the prince who had been my rival in love came to me, and joyfully told me that he was going to join my sweetheart. He, a scientist too, had found something to combat my Elixir, and he could die. I begged him to tell me what it was, but he would not. Only when he was dying, he said that he had left a few drops in his famous platinum ring. Only, he said, you will never find that ring.

"He died, and for hundreds and thousands of years, I have looked for that ring, or for something to combat the Elixir, but always I failed.

"Then about a week ago, I read in the papers, that in recent excavations, a mummy had been found, and when opened, a platinum ring was lying on its breast. This ring bore a crest which appeared to belong to some ancient prince. I knew at last that I had found what I had been seeking, and so I came here to the Louvre yesterday, and begged for a position in the Egyptian room. You saw the rest. That mummy was the girl, the ring contains the liquid

by which I shall be able to die, and tonight I go to join my sweetheart.

"And now I shall show you a door by which you can reach the street."

The next day, Dr. Alexander read a notice in the paper which said that a man had been found dead in the Louvre, lying with his arms clasped about a mummy, with a platinum ring in his hand. The particulars were a mystery.

Afterwards, Dr. Alexander wondered if it had all been a dream.

THE BETRAYAL

By Moreen Broad

The noonday sun glared with terrible red rays upon the dusty squalid little town on the banks of the Sorek. The border sands of the Desert of Shur reflected its white heat. In spite of this, within and outside the walls of the town were active signs of life. By the river several women squatted pounding clothes on the flat rocks, and others were going to and fro through the gates, balancing earthen jars of water on their heads. In the dirty narrow street naked little savages darted, following with yells and shrieks of derision the laden mule-train passing through. It stopped at the gates, and a swarthy bearded man with glistening shield and spear of bronze stepped forward. He stared at the leader and his lip curled in a sneer.

"It is you, Lehi. Phah! A dog of an Israelite," and he spat.

The aged leader bent his head in reply, "I go to Gaza, O Lord," he answered, "to trade my humble goods for dyes and wines. I beg you do not hinder me. I must reach Lachish ere night falls."

The soldier fingered his dagger and grinned cruelly. "I have a mind—" he said—"I would be greatly rewarded by the noble Eshtaol of the Philistines."

Then he jerked his hand, "Pass on!" and the caravan wended its

way through the gates and along the dusty highway.

Meanwhile the squat figure of a man moved rapidly along the river bank towards the town. About his waist was girt the skin of a lion and his long black hair fell to his waist. He was weaponless, his only defence being those mighty arms and shoulders where the muscles rippled and quivered. On closer approach he slowed his steps and suddenly noticing a certain woman filling her water jar, he swerved in his path and moved to the water's edge. On hearing his steps the young woman swung about and faced him.

"Samson!"

"You see, Delilah," the man said, "I have come back again."

The young Philistine maiden's cheeks flushed.

A week later Samson held a great feast on his wedding day, but there were several there who held great discontent in their hearts, and who were only feigning joy and happiness, Philistines all of them, come to the feast for no other reason than that Delilah was their kinswoman. At the end of the table leaned one whom the others addressed with fawning deference, and eagerly supplied his requested needs.

His coarse, sensual face was twisted with hate, and his eyes glittered

as he gazed down to the table at the newly wedded pair; Delilah, her cheek flushed with happiness and pride, and Samson, with the heady spicy wines tempting him so strongly. A smirking fellow, drink deadening his discretion leaned towards the Philistine and whispered:

"Come, Shiloh! There is your chance. Get the fool befuddled with wine. It will be an easy capture. Samson, Judge of the Israelites, taken by a prince of the Philistines at his own wedding feast—'Tis a mere passing fancy that has snared Delilah. A week, a month, and you will be once more in her favour. She knows you love her. It is our misfortune and his success that causes him to seem so mighty. Bah!—a few soldiers with good swords—. What say you?"

Shiloh's heavy fist with its monstrous signet hurled the man aside.

"You fool! You sodden swine! Do you think I would waste twenty of my best men? Did he not alone kill one thousand Philistines at one time? There is another way, there is always a second way, and Shiloh has discovered it. I do but wait, never fear! Have patience and we shall have the Israelite alive, and in chains. By Dagon, I swear it!"

A month passed, full of happiness and content for Delilah. Since her marriage the Philistines had not offered any violence to her husband's people, nor had Samson committed any further outrages to arouse their ire. People were beginning to look up to her, and more than once in passing through the streets, she had heard her name coupled with that of "peace-maker," and more than one of the oppressed Israelites had invoked blessings on her. Even the fact that she and Samson worshipped different gods did not mar her joy, for he went down the valley, or out into the desert to be in solitude with his God. Sometimes she wondered that he ne-

ver confided in her, or offered to teach her the worship of "Jehovah" as he called him. But he did not, so she pushed it far back in her mind, and became busily interested in her household tasks.

One day she was astonished and a little displeased to see Shiloh climbing up the rocky path to her home. Since her marriage she had studiously avoided him, for he had been an ardent suitor for her hand. With some dread she went forth to meet him.

Shiloh wore a mingled air of grief and fixed determination, as if he felt the weight of some painful task upon his shoulders. What Delilah did not see was the gleam of slyness and cupidity in his eyes.

"Delilah," said he, "unfortunately I have discovered something which you ought to know. I did not want to tell you, but I have strict orders from Eshtaol. It is my duty to . . ."

"Well?" interrupted Delilah swiftly.

"Have you knowledge," said Shiloh, "of who killed your father when he was travelling to Gaza three years past?"

"That was easily seen," replied Delilah. "It was quickly realized when his body was found that my father had been set upon by robbers, slain, and stripped of his garments. What interest does that hold for you?"

"Only this," Shiloh replied, "that your father was not slain by thieves. His death was caused by one Israelite who, when a riddle was solved by some Philistines at his wedding feast, became mad with anger, and went down to Ashkelon and slew thirty Philistines to give their garments to them that had expounded the riddle. Your father had just passed from the town on his way to Gaza. Undoubtedly he was slain by this madman."

Delilah paled. "Who," she asked, "was that man?"

Shiloh's eyes closed to mere slits as he replied: "Who," he repeated, "has strength to slay thirty men at once? What Israelite would dare in the sight of Ashkelton to slay thirty of our noblest Philistines? There is but one . . ."

"Samson," Delilah whispered.

"You are very clever, Delilah," Shiloh applauded. He came closer, "Are you going to let such a deed remain unavenged? Are you going to let this dog mock you? By Dagon! the disgrace he inflicted on your father's name, even on you—. The time has come to end his terrible slaughter of our people. Three thousand Philistines, he has slain and heaped indignities upon, even worse than your father's. For five years he has ruined our vineyards, our corn-fields, and our olive-orchards. Delilah, in your hands lies the means of your people's revenge. The slaughtered Philistines are appealing to you, and great are you in Dagon's favour, for to you he has given the sweetness of revenge. But that is not all. Eleven hundred pieces of silver will Eshtaol and the lords give you for the deed. It will give you luxury for life, Delilah. You shall live in Gaza like a princess."

After Shiloh's vehement tirade he stood silent, motionless, watching the conflicting emotions in Delilah's face. To his satisfaction, the dominating one was a bitter hate, and in her compressed lips and clenched hands he read a deep determination. He cared not for the maiden's disillusionment, for the interruption of her happiness which he had caused. It mattered not to him how heavy the blow. His only aim was to gain his end, and he had succeeded. Delilah finally turned to him and asked in a low, set voice:

"Just what is the deed I must do?"

Shiloh grinned. "Delilah, you are a true Philistine and your father's daughter. With you we cannot fail. There is some secret wherein this

Israelite's great strength lies. You are his wife. From you he should have no secrets. Plead with him, and find out by what means we can overcome him, and put him in chains. If you find out, come to me. I too wish to avenge my fellow comrades. There is no doubt you can succeed. Three thousand Philistines urge you on. Dagon guards you, and there awaits your success eleven hundred pieces of silver." Then he turned on his heel and departed.

Delilah's bitterness was very deep against Samson. He was away in a neighbouring valley at the home of his parents in Zorah, and would not return until the following evening. All that day and the next she turned the facts over in her numbed brain, bewildered by the shock of sudden discovery. Her love was buried deep under an overwhelming hate for the man who had deceived her and made a fool of her. She did not take into account the fact that Samson probably had no idea who his victims were, or that he had murdered his wife's father. Indeed this was quite true.

When Samson returned he wondered at Delilah's strange silence and lifeless manner and questioned her, but she made no satisfactory answer. Instead she seemed to become more remote. But the next day she was her old self. She laughed, sang, talked, questioned him on his trip and told him things that had happened in his absence. It would have taken a much keener observer than Samson to notice anything forced in her manner. But suddenly she surprised him by asking him why he was so strong.

He looked startled. "Delilah, it is strange that you who were never curious should so question me. Wherefore do you ask?"

"They laugh at me down in the village," Delilah cried. "They say that I am nothing to you, that you are mocking me. I don't know any-

(Continued on page 82)

FIRST PRIZE JUNIOR STORY

THE RITCHIE MURDER

By Donald Temple

"Brr-rr-rr, brr-rr-rrr," rang the telephone at the desk of Percy Sloane, the detective. Sloane stretched out a fat, chubby hand and picked up the phone with a grimace, for it had been singing constantly all day. "Hello," he said sleepily, but suddenly he sat upright. "I'll be right there," he cried, clamping down the receiver. "Old John Ritchie, the globe-trotter, has been killed," he told his secretary, "and I'm going over. Look after any more calls," he added, as he went out into the rainy, cold day.

Percy Sloane was a rather short, rotund man with cherubic face. His good-natured features belied his profession. He was clothed in the height of fashion. In fact he was exactly the opposite of what you would picture as the great Canadian criminologist.

Sloane was received by the butler at the house of the late John V. Ritchie, and shown into the waiting room. The walls of this room were covered with pictures by great masters. The detective was admiring a portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds when he heard a man descending the great stairway. He turned around and faced a young man who introduced himself as Cyril Dunkeley, nephew of the deceased. When these formalities were over Sloane was ushered into the library, where the murder, if murder it was, had been committed.

This was a large, oppressive room, lined on three sides with bookcases. On the side facing the door was a great open fireplace, in which was a fire, for it was late October. On either side of and above this were hanging weapons and relics, which the explorer had picked up in his travels. Facing the fireplace was a

large chesterfield, and on each side of this was an easy chair. The body was lying between the chesterfield and the fireplace on a bearskin rug. It was lying face downwards and from between the shoulders protruded the handle of a dagger.

"Has the coroner been here?" asked Sloane.

"No," said Dunkeley, "but I have called him."

A sharp knock at the door was followed by the coroner. He examined the body and said, "It looks like murder all right. Considering the position of the knife, suicide would have been impossible."

"Does anyone recognize this?" inquired Sloane, pointing to the dagger, turning to the servants and Dunkeley, who were standing watching him.

"I have often seen it on the table behind the chesterfield," ventured the maid, "when I have been dusting."

"Yes, uncle picked it up in Sicily," said Dunkeley. "It is a stiletto."

"H'mm," murmured the detective. "Has anyone been to the house to-day?" he asked.

"Only the tradesmen," said the butler. "I have been here all day."

"Who discovered the body?" asked Sloane.

"I did," said the butler, "and immediately called Mr. Dunkeley, who was upstairs."

"What did you do?" he asked Dunkeley.

"I called the coroner and then you," was the reply.

Sloane walked over to the body, saying, "Guess it's up to the sleuth to look for clues."

He examined the handle of the knife for fingerprints, but found it clean. He ordered everyone out

of the room and began his search. After an hour's examination by a trained man, a room is pretty well searched. Sloane found nothing unusual. He left the room and returned with Dunkeley.

"How has your uncle been acting lately?" asked Sloane.

"Since his return from Italy he has seemed worried. I never mentioned the matter to him. By the way, Uncle John received a letter the other day from Sicily. Carson, the butler, brought the letters to me, as I was secretary to uncle. I noticed one letter, which was written in a European hand. When uncle saw this letter he ordered we out of the room. Since then I have seen very little of him and when I did see him he was always very worn-looking."

"You have not seen the letter?" asked Sloane.

"No," said Dunkeley, "but I imagine it will be in his strong-box, as he never destroyed a letter of any importance, and I feel sure this one was important. His strong-box is in a wall safe behind those book-cases."

Sloane walked over to the book-cases. Dunkeley came over and swung open one row of books, revealing a small safe. This was unlocked. Sloane took out a small iron box. He opened it and everything seemed in order. The second letter was written in Italian.

"Apparently the murderer was not after this," he remarked.

Sloane had a slight knowledge of Italian. The letter was brief, but concise: "You say you do not repent; then I will kill you."

The detective folded the letter, put it in his pocket, and replaced the strong-box.

"All through?" asked Dunkeley. "I have ordered a room to be made ready for you."

"Then I believe I will have headquarters send a couple of policemen and then I'll be able to retire to my room and think this over."

The following morning Sloane

interviewed Carson.

"You say only the tradesmen were here?" asked the detective.

"Yes, sir," replied the butler.

"Were any of them out of your sight at any time?"

"No," began Carson, then: "Oh, yes, the Italian fruit man came and I did not have the change. I had to go upstairs to get the money from Mr. Dunkeley."

"During this time he could have slipped into the library, committed the murder, and returned to the kitchen."

"Yes, I suppose he could have."

"Did the man seem uneasy when you returned?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where do you spend most of the day?"

"In the kitchen, sir."

"Was Mr. Dunkeley upstairs all day?"

"Yes, sir." (Sloane left the house.)

That afternoon two policemen came to the Ritchie house with warrants to arrest Dunkeley. He was brought to Sloane's office.

"Are you willing to confess?" Sloane asked him.

"Confess what?" asked Dunkeley, blandly.

"To the murder of your uncle, of course."

At first the man denied having anything to do with the crime but after a grilling third degree, he broke down.

"How in the world did you ever think to arrest Dunkeley in the Ritchie case?" asked Billy Blake, a friend and admirer of Sloane, some days after the trial of Dunkeley who was found guilty.

"Well, in the first place, that letter, as was shown at the trial was written by Dunkeley," began Sloane, but suddenly he broke off, "but you heard all I can tell at the trial."

"I missed the trial, worse luck," said Blake gloomily. "That's why I want you to tell me all about it."

"Well, then, as I said before Dun-

keley wrote the letter in Italian—"

"What letter?" interrupted Billy.

"Oh, I may as well begin at the start of my finding clues. The library revealed nothing. The story of the butler's about an Italian fruit-man seemed improbable. He said that this man could have done the deed. I looked up the Italian and found that he had worn no gloves. He would have left fingerprints on the knife and besides the day was wet and there were no footmarks between the kitchen and the library. This eliminated him and any other outsider. This left only Dunkeley and the staff. The maid was cleaning a room on the third floor and it was the cook's day off. This left only the butler and Dunkeley as probable suspects. The butler had

plenty of opportunity as he was downstairs all day, but I could not find a motive for him. In searching Ritchie's strongbox I came across his will. His only relative was Dunkeley, who was named sole heir. This gave him a strong motive.

"I reconstruct the murder like this. While Carson was in the kitchen Dunkeley crept downstairs, killed his uncle and returned. Of course he had spent some time in finding out about the Italian's visits which were weekly. Then he had to send his uncle the letter by which he tried to make us think that the Mafia was responsible. He naturally phoned the police to try to throw us off his track. Of course it took me some time to draw these conclusions."

SECOND PRIZE JUNIOR STORY

"Where There's a Will There's Always a Way"

By Margaret Evans

May Emerson was walking home from school with her chum, Louise Minden.

It was the first of June and tomorrow would be May's birthday.

"Oh, dear," she said to her friend, "I hope Aunt Mary Perkins gives me a nice present this time. Who wants hankies all the time, anyway?"

This was not a very good idea as to what a birthday should be. Her friend spoke. "I don't think you should talk about your Aunt Mary like that. I suppose your aunt wouldn't have given you those hankies, unless she really thought they were useful, and they are, you know," she said quietly. All the same, May thought her aunt should have given her more than a box of handkerchiefs, considering that she was an only niece.

But Aunt Mary Perkins didn't think so. Her niece had got so many things now, it was hardly possible to give her anything she hadn't

already, but she decided to give May a better present this year. But what could she give her? All of a sudden an idea came—a tennis racket. May didn't own such a thing. But, alas, May did not play tennis, because she saw no sense in it. Aunt Mary overlooked this important fact.

She hurried uptown that afternoon to get May's present—and it was a present, to be sure! It was one of the best rackets money could buy, for Aunt Mary Perkins was quite well-to-do.

It was June the second, and May was looking forward to the time when her guests would arrive. A rap was heard at the door. It was a boy who had brought Aunt Mary's present. May opened it, wondering what on earth it could be. When it was opened she didn't look a bit pleased. Instead, she sighed and murmured, "That's just like Aunt Mary! She always gives me something I don't want."

When Louise arrived, she was delighted, and exclaimed, "No excuse for not coming to play tennis now, May."

"Oh yes, but you know very well I can't play tennis," replied May.

"Yes, but you might try. Where there's a will, there's always a way. You are not lacking the way, for you have your racket, and I am willing to teach you as much as I know, May. We'll go and start tomorrow. Will you?" May agreed to do this.

As "much as Louise knew" was really a good deal. She was quite an expert and could play a game with anyone.

Day after day the two chums went to the court and practised hard, and at last May could play quite well and seemed to be enjoying herself at the game.

In the daily paper one night, it was announced that there would be a Tennis Tournament again this year. Louise hurried to May's home to tell her the news. "How about it, May?" she asked, "Let's enter."

"Oh, you silly, as if I would," answered May.

"Aw, come on! Be a sport, May."

"Well, then, I guess I will, if it's only to be a good sport."

So the two girls sent in their entries.

When May and Louise went to school next day, everyone was excited, talking about the Tennis Tournament.

"I expect Louise will enter," exclaimed one girl. "She's likely to win, too," added another.

The chums overheard this remark and May smiled, and said, "Sure she will!"

The day of the Tournament arrived. The games were to be played on the school courts and there was already a crowd of people waiting for them to begin. Louise's turn came at last. No one was much surprised at her winning, for she was recognized quite generally as the school's tennis champion. All the

same, May was glad Louise had won her game.

After what seemed ages to her, May's turn came. Although she was excited she played very well and scored over her opponent. Everyone was shocked when May walked into the court. No one thought she could play. But more shocked were they when they saw how skillfully she played, and won the game.

There were still a few games to be played. May and Louise stood amongst a batch of school-girls.

"Who do you think will win the first place, May?" asked one.

"Well, dearie me, I don't think—I know! Why Louise will, of course, surely you all knew that!"

"And then, who will get the second?" asked another.

"Well, I will," answered May.

And, just to prove that many a true word is spoken in jest, she did.

May is now a changed girl. She is very enthusiastic over tennis and does not say unkind things of her aunt.

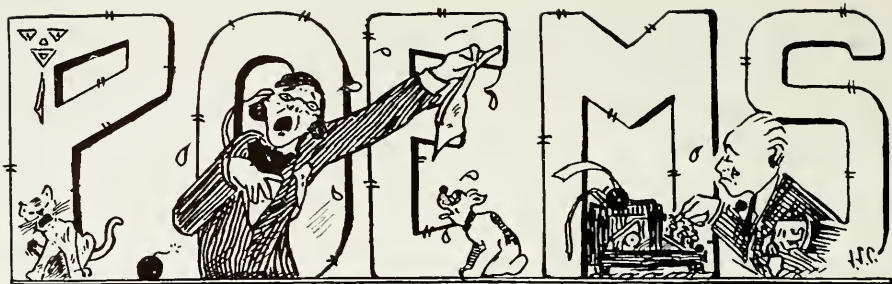
"TO——?"

Oh, would I could play tennis!
With graceful measures move
And you to toss the ball back
And when you ask me for the
score
To whisper, "Forty-love."

Ah, would I were a mighty cook
In that I'd find sweet bliss
The sweetest taffy balls I'd make
And wrap them up like this
I'd bring a box and offer them
And say, "My dear, a kiss?"

Ah would I were a gardener
For you I'd grow sweet slips
For you I'd grow the fairest
flow'rs
The reddest of tulips
I'd pluck you some, and give you
them
And say, "I love two-lips."

J. W.



SENIOR PRIZE POEM

FOG

Fog;
Dense fog.
Its black pall floating
Through the streets
Obscuring everything
There.

Darkness,
Extending upward
To the impenetrable sky;
Dull, hazy lamp-posts
Are scarcely
Seen.

Hidden,
And veiled
By vast curtains
Of deep black mist,
The throbbing city
Now seems
Dead.

—J. A. W.

JUNIOR PRIZE POEM

WOODLAND FAIRIES

Far away o'er western prairies
Where the hazy foothills rise,
Gaily dwells a host of fairies
Underneath the smiling skies.

These fairy folk of every hue
Are flowers, in fairy guise;
The modest violet tipped with dew
Reigns supreme in elfin eyes.

Woodland folk are sprightly danc-
ing
In the springtime's gentle breeze;
Verdant leaves are ever prancing
To the hum of golden bees.

As softly evening shadows fall
Lilies bow their waxen heads;
In answer to the vesper call
Silence o'er the woodland spreads.

—Merle Kennedy 2B

FIRST PRIZE RONDEAU

"That Life Is Good"

That life is good, we all may know,
If in this habit we can grow,
 Of placing first, where they should be,
 The things that count —morality,
And faith and hope and sweet content.

To plant these things within your heart,
Will give that better life a start,
 And make you know within yourself,
 That life is good.

All outward circumstance of sin
Comes from the wrong desire within,
 And man's conception, so untrue,
 Has led him so much wrong to do.
And yet he knows, though he be blind
 That life is good.

—J.A.—

WHEN KNOWLEDGE COMES

When "Knowledge" comes, do men
grow better?
What though they loose the hated
fetter
That binds them down to simple life,
There follows in its wake such strife,
That man's last state is often worse.

For it is knowledge, when we know
The origin of cloud, rain, snow,
Or does our life much happier grow
When "Knowledge" comes?

For have men got the wisdom yet
In Nature and in God to set
Their thoughts and love and hope
Instead of striving here to grope
In their conceit, for things not first
When "Knowledge" comes?

—J.A.

TO GAIN THE PRIZE

To gain the prize this poem I write
A rondeau called in terms polite;
And tho' 'tis but a poor attempt,
Perchance the prize of which I
dreamt
Will come within my greedy sight.

To those who see its inner light
Will no doubt see it shining bright,
For every wile and trick I tempt,
To gain the prize!

Such common stuff! Indeed a blight!
So this I offer quite contrite.
My crudest humour is exempt
My subtle wit much too unkempt.
On form alone remains the fight
To gain the prize!

—J.W.

SCHOOL SONG

On Stratford High School! On
Stratford High School!
Tear right through that line
Down the field and past the goal
And make a score this time.

RAH! RAH! RAH!

On Stratford High School! On
Stratford High School!
Fight on for your fame.
Fight, fellows, fight, and we will
Win this game!

—FRASER HAY.

EVENING

Once more comes on the evening,
soft and gray,
The sun is slowly sinking in the west
Now is man's respite from the busy
day
The peaceful earth can settle down
to rest.

In busy tree-tops many birds are
singing
Through shady twilight sounds the
chapel bell,
So peacefully its evening message
bringing
A welcome unto twilight and to care
a knell.

Out come the stars, the glowing
heavens darken,
The busy day has parted, on comes
the night
Now man once more to his inward
thoughts may hearken,
As slowly comes from out the east,
the moon's eternal light.

The silver moon is rising, the stars
begin to peep
The birds have ceased their singing,
silence comes apace,
Birds and beasts and flowers soon
will be asleep
And man once more can rest him
from life's fevered race.

THE SONG OF THE BOOT

A gallant's foot I once encased,
A silver stirrup I embraced,
I held a pistol, gold enchased
When I was in my Prime.

Chorus:

Then polish, rag and a brush or two
And here I am as good as new.

A stately court I once did grace,
For I was in the highest place;
All others bowed them to their face
For I was in my Prime.

Chorus:

Then polish, rag and a brush or two
And here I am as good as new.

The dust of Marston Moor I bore
When routed troopers cursed and
swore,
And I lay swathed in blood and
gore
For I had lost my Prime.

Chorus:

No polish, rag or a brush or two
Can ever make me good as new.

—J. W.—

"THE PRESENT AGE"

The present age, they say, is bad
And picture times when life was
glad.

They say that youth to-day is
spoiled

And God's great work on earth
is foiled

And men to-day, they think are
mad.

But yet, defending, we can say;

"Remember, 'tis another day,

And God's great purpose still may
rule

The present age."

To-day's conditions are much
changed,

But therefore are the heavens es-
tranged?

Ah no! we still may give our
best,

And show as very truly blessed,

By our hard work and by our faith,

The present age!

—J.A.—

MY DREAM

One night I dreamed
And then I seemed
In an ecstasy of joy
I saw again,
And oh so plain!
The time I was a boy:

The field of hay,
The morn of May
Steal o'er my father's home,
My mother dear
And, sadder here,
My brother dead in Rome.

I saw again
The ripening grain
The harvest fields all yellow
The market old
Where oft I sold
The fruit so ripe and mellow.

Once more I saw
And held in awe
The red school in the meadows
The little pool
Where after school
I bathed with all my fellows.

The creek wherein
'Twas such a sin
To fish on Summer Sundays
The little pew
In the church I knew
And the grass I cut on Mondays.

The winter snow
The happy glow
Of a fireside bright and warm
With a family dear
There all was cheer
And our world contained no harm.

But sad I grew
When again I knew
That all was but a dream
Yet my thoughts all hold
With a joy untold
To my old home's hallowed gleam.

But now 'tis gone,
On the fields where shone
The bright sun every day,
Has a city come
With its noisy hum
And my home has passed away.

John Anderson

Nothing in life is perfect,
Half man, part god are we.
We are not all so fitted
To comprehend the sea.

We are the keyless padlock,
The spirit within the cage.
The powers of the Samson
Are not those of the sage.

We are the soulful verslet
Writ in an unknown tongue.
We are the angels' music
Over creation flung.

We are but half the poet
Who raises the hopes of men
To build a tower of Beauty;
The soul, but not the pen.

—WJR—

Catch at opportunity
While, my child, you may;
Not too often in your life
Does it come your way.

If perchance you pass it by,
"Never mind," you say,
"It will surely ere I die
Come again some day."

But, my child, I say to you
"Life is much too brief.
Catch it ere it passes you
Lest it bring you grief."

Some day you may realize
When it is too late
What importance really lies
In that little phrase.

E. G.

BALLAD OF X PLUS Y

There were twa lads sate on a bench
 And lasses there were too
 Learning some History, Latin and French
 Of course some Algebra too.

Then up spake one to his teacher
 A tear was in his eye
 "O, rede me now, O rede me sir,
 What root hath X plus Y?"

"O teacher, teacher rede me right
 And it cannot be wrang
 I wad be rather in the light
 Than be in darkness lang."

The teacher paused not ower lang
 To catch his breath once mair,
 And then his lily-white hands began
 To pluck his gowden hair.

"Odds Bodkins, lad," he cried aloud
 "I'll no tell thee nae mair
 For siller, jewels, wealth or gowd!
 Within, my heart is sair."

Then up spake a bold student
 And a right brave lad was he,
 "Oh teacher dear, rede us the truth
 With thy usual courtesy!"

Then swallowed the teacher his terrible wrath
 To his work himself did hie
 To read those students all the truth
 Of the ballad of X and Y.

—C. W. and J. A. W.

A FAREWELL

One fond word before we part,
 One long look before we sever—
 This I know, thou shalt forever
 Be enshrined within my heart.

At thy clear and crystal font
 Of Wisdom have I played.
 Yet, alas, I have not stayed
 To drink my fill as I would want.

Thou has given me work to do—
 Work in which no insult lies,
 The easy task; but to skies
 Hast thou bid me look anew.

Thou hast given me friends to
 know—
 Friends whose counsel daily given
 Right from wrong asunder riven.
 May their power ever grow!

Accept, I pray thee, this poor word
 In payment of the debt I owe
 To those whose joy it is to sow
 Their seeds within the unfledged
 bird.

—C. W.

MODERNS

„Etwas ist besser als gar nichts.“

LE BON COEUR

Pauvre enfant, ou vas-tu donc?
Le jour est froid; sur mes perrons
Tu te blottis, et tâches si fort
Chauffer tes mains. Tiens! c'est tort
Que votre face est si bleu, si très
froid.

Ma porte est ouverte, petit, à vous,
Bien que je n'aie pas à donner beau-
coup.

Chauffe-toi, enfant, chauffe- toi!

Cher enfant, tu as faim et soif:
Prends tout ce qui est à moi.
Voici du pain et du fromage,
Mange, et bois ton lait: image
Que tu t'es assis à une table
chargée:

Ton pain et fromage sont belles
victuailles,
Ton lait devient du vin très vieille.
Refais-toi, enfant, refais-toi!

Ne connaissais-tu jamais ton mère,
Tu, qui est si petit et si cher?
Ne sois pas effaré, mon gars, de
moi;
Je serai ton père pour toutes les
fois,
Et nous partagerons tout, comme
bons amis.

Bon enfant, es-tu joyeux?
Puis-je te faire très heureux?
Espère-toi, enfant, espère-toi!

—Moreen Broad 4A

DER FRUHLING

Noch einmal kommt der Frühling
Die Wiesen werden grün
Sind Vögel von dem Süden
Die roten Blumen blüh'n.

Im Wald sich Blätter öffnen
Cicaden schallt's im Feld
Ganz ist der Schnee gegangen
Frei wieder wird die Welt.

Und glücklich, sind die Leuten
Sie lieben all' die Zeit
Wenn die Sonne scheint hinunter
Auf Stadt und Felde weit.

Die Vögel singen Lieder
Die Ströme rinnen frei
Der Sommer kommt noch wieder
Und Freuden mancherlei.

Bleich Tod, es kommt so bald
Als Winter nach dem Sommer
Und als im grünen Wald
Es stirbt die schönen Blätter—

So unter vielen Freunden
Mitglieder sterben auch
Und all die lieben Freuden
Die Mann erhält so hoch.

So haben Sie den Frühling
Und auch den Sommer lieb
Eigne Jugendzeit, mein Jüngling
Bald stiehlt der listig' Dieb.

So wenn die Blumen freuen
Das Herz, so heit und hell
Nur lassen Sie es wirken
Der Winter kommt so schnell.

—John Anderson 5A

QUEBEC

Voyons! nous voici qui passons sous le grand pont dans le bassin de Québec. Peu à peu comme nous nous approchons de Québec nous voyons plus distinctement une après l'autre: les hauteurs majestueuses de Cap Diamond, les vieilles murailles grises des fortifications, les coupoles, les tourelles et les tours de l'ancien château, la masse des maisons au bas du rocher, et dernièrement nos yeux restent fixés sur la grande citadelle elle-même.

Québec est une ville fameuse avec une renommée universelle à cause de la beauté de sa scène et du roman de son histoire variée. Jetons d'abord les yeux sur la gloire et les mémoires de son passé.

De sous ses vieilles murailles grises les premiers explorateurs sortirent dans les forêts inconnues. De cette ancienne ville les premiers missionnaires partirent aussi pour les tribus lointains. En effet, presque chaque bâtiment dans ses rues antiques a un récit à raconter de l'histoire religieuse ou militaire du jeune Canada. Québec se hante, comme dit le proverbe, par les esprits et les mémoires du passé.

Ainsi en traversant les rues étroites et tournantes, nous nous rappelons Champlain, le fondateur de la ville; Frontenac jetant le défi de l'ouverture de ses canons; ces explorateurs audacieux, Joliet et Marquette: ces martyrs pour leur foi, Bréboeuf et Lallemant; l'infâme Bigot et des centaines d'autres. Enfin nous passons à ce champ de bataille historique, la scène de la victoire de Wolfe et la défaite de Montcalm, une victoire qui décida la destin du Canada pour toujours.

Ensuite visitons la grande forteresse farouche qui nous rappelle le dix-huitième siècle: Les vieux, très vieux canons avec lesquels les Français et Montcalm défendirent Québec, le cachot noir humide avec toutes ses petites cellules, mal ventilées, sans quelque jour, ou ceux qui s'opposèrent à la volonté du gouverneur furent jetés autrefois dans les fers.

Nous descendons de la forteresse à la poste. Au-dessus de la porte de laquelle se trouve le fameux Chien d'Or, et nous lisons:

"Je suis un chien qui ronge l'os.

En le rongerait je prends mon repos,

Un temps viendras qui n'est pas venu,

Que je mordray qui m'aura mor-
du."

Et nous nous souvenons de la vieille légende des jours de la galanterie brillante.

Pour la beauté et la scène pittoresque de ses alentours aussi, Québec ne se surpasse pas même par la belle ville italienne de Naples. Nous avons fait remarquer le Cap Diamond majestueux et le bassin magnifique qui ressemble à une nappe de l'argent.

Maintenant montez avec moi au haut du célèbre château Frontenac et regardez le Saint Charles, cette rivière charmante, les nombreux clochers villageois, les maisons pittoresques des habitants, la belle île d'Orléans et enfin, ces montagnes pourpres dans le lointain qui protègent la vieille ville, la sentinelle du Saint Laurent.

—Moreen Broad
4A

DIE RUHE

Es war einmal in Deutschland ein kleines Haus an der See. Als der Wind blies und die See zornig ward, hatte das kleine Haus ein

gemütliches Licht im Fenster. Das Licht sagte „Komme her um Ruhe zu finden!"

Eine alte Frau wohnte in diesem

Haus mit zwei Söhnen und jeden Morgen sah sie ihre Söhne als sie zu der See abgingen. Den ganzen Tag wartete die alte Mutter auf sie und beobachtete die Wolken und die See um zu sehen ob ein Sturm aufzog und ob er die Söhne drohte. Diese gute alte Frau hatte weisse Haare und traurige Augen weil sie ihren Mann und vier Söhne durch die See verloren hatte.

Eines Tages während die Mutter wartete kam ihres Knaben Boot ans Ufer. Sie war sehr glücklich weil die Nacht vorher ein grosser Sturm sich erhoben hatte, und die alte Frau hatte für das Boot geführt. Aber ihre Freude wurde bald

ihr Leid. Die See hatte noch einen Sohn genommen. Nun hatte die Mutter einen einzigen Sohn und gab diesem ihre ganze Liebe, und wartete immer ängstlich bis er nach Hause kam.

Zwei Jahre wohnten sie glücklich in dem kleinen Hause an der See. Endlich eines Tages, ertrank der letzte Sohn in der grausamen See. Dann gingen die Nachbarn um die arme alte Frau zu trösten. Aber sie lächelte traurig und sagte: „Es war Gotteswille. Nun kann ich nachts in der Ruhe schlafen.“

—Moreen Broad
4A

DER PRUFUNG

„Nun,“ sagte der Herr Inspektor halblaut, „Nicht dass ich mit Ihnen, mein lieber Herr Lehrer, unzufrieden bin; sondern eines will ich Ihnen sagen: Sie müssen mehr mit der Kreide arbeiten. Mehr Anschauungsunterricht! Was das Kind sieht behält es! Immer alles vorzeichnen—“

„Ach“ fing der Dorfschullehrer seufzend an „wenn ich das nur könnte!“

„Dummheit!“ entgegnete der Inspektor „So ein bisschen Künstler muss der Lehrer immer sein. Passen sie auf! Ich zeichne eine Eule an die Wandtafel!“

„Sehen Sie—so! Nun geben sie einmal acht!“ „Also, lieber Kleiner wendet er sich an einen aufgeweckten Jungen.

„Was ist das?“

Der Kleine betrachtete das Gebilde des Inspektors eine Weile dann sagte er: „Ein Schwein.“

Mit unmutigem Brummen, wendet sich der Herr Inspektor nach der Mädchenseite.

„Nun mein Kind“ zu einem hübschen Blondkopfe „sag’du’s! Was ist das?“

Auch das Dirnlein sieht die Zeichnung eine Weile an, dann entgegnet sie beherzt und bestimmt:

„Ein Schwein!“

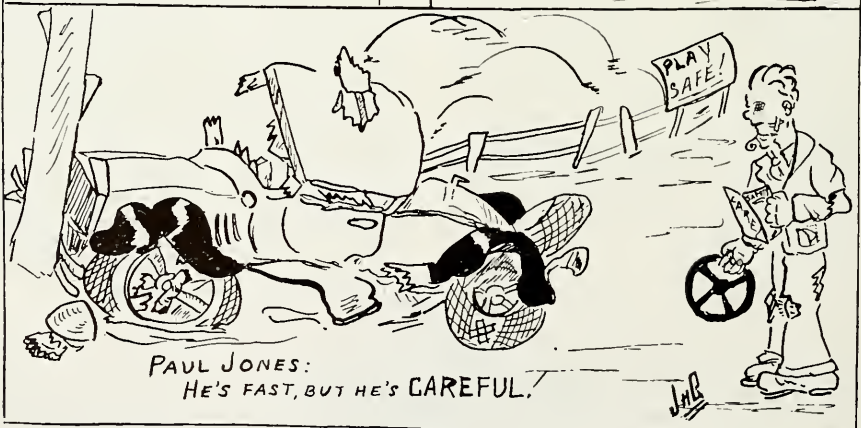
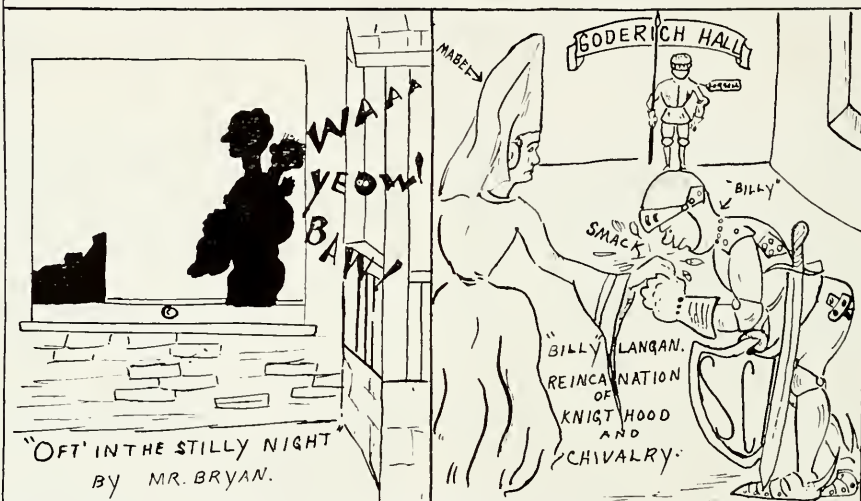
Jetzt schlägt der Herr Inspektor die Hände über den Kopf zusammen. Wie ruft er empört in die Schule hinein! „Was ist das?“

Und aus fünfzig frischen Kehlen, schallt es ihm überzeugt entgegen:

„Ein Schwein.“

—Ottla Wittig
5B





SPORTS



COMMENCEMENT

The Annual Commencement Exercises were held in the Assembly on Friday, November 8th. The chairman, Mr. Sprung, opened the meeting. A short address was given by Marion Smith, president of the Girls' Athletic Society. This was followed by a short speech from the president of the Boys' Athletic Society, Cecil Wilson.

The three-mile marathon trophy was presented to the Boys' Athletic Society by Mr. A. A. Neil. This was received by Cecil Wilson, president of the Boys' Athletic Society.

Dr. L. Robertson presented the Ferguson Cup to Aileen Bishop, Senior Girls' champion.

Mary Nethercott received the Intermediate cup, donated and presented by Mr. C. A. Farquharson.

The Boys' Senior cup and the 440-yd. cup were presented to George Doxey.

The Boys' Intermediate cup was presented to Walter Brenneman by Dr. H. W. Baker.

Mr. H. S. Robertson presented Tom Dunkley with the Junior Boys' cup.

Bill Stapleton received the Boys' Juvenile cup, which was presented by Mr. J. H. Macqueen.

The three-mile marathon cup was presented by Mr. R. J. Easson to George Doxey.

Dr. E. H. Eidt presented Kathleen McCully with the Girls' Tennis cup, which he has donated.

The Athletic Representatives of 1A, received the Form Shield, presented by D. S. Fuller.

Mr. J. F. Adamson presented to H. Earnshaw of 1E, the Interform rugby shield.

The ribbons were presented by Miss West, Miss Bailey, Miss Edwards, Mr. Turner, Mr. Bryan, Mr. Bissonnette, Marion Smith, and Cecil Wilson.

The Girls' Junior Cup was presented to Vera Milliken by Mr. H. M. Mandigo.

The School Orchestra rendered several selections during the meeting, under the leadership of Mr. W. H. Bishop.



FIELD DAY CUP WINNERS

Standing—M. Nethercott, G. Doxey, K. McCully.
Seated—W. Brenneman, V. Milliken, A. Bishop, W. Stapleton, T. Dunkley.

FIELD DAY

The field day was held on the third and fourth of October and was a remarkable success. To advertise our sports' day the pupils of the Collegiate, some seven hundred strong paraded the main thoroughfares of the city, led by the Collegiate Band. Red and green ribbon and our school pennants were evident in abundance and there was a good showing of school spirit. The booth was well patronized and was quite a success.

The competition was very keen and some excellent performances were given. The three-mile run was the prominent feature of the sports. This marathon consisted of running first around the campus and then up St. Vincent Street hill to Maker's Field. This course was circled several times and then the contestants returned to the campus and made a round of it. In order to enter this contest it was necessary to train for a week. This race was won by George Doxey who was closely fol-

lowed by Lorne Bridges and Donald McCaul.

The cup winners are:

Senior—G. Doxey, 21 points.
Runner up—R. McCully, 17 points.

Intermediate—W. Brenneman, 32 points. Runner up—L. Fraser, 15 points.

Junior—T. Dunkley, 16 points.
Runner up—E. Stabler, 12 points.

Juvenile — W. Stapleton, 15 points. Runner up—G. Mallion, 14 points.

Senior Girls

Aileen Bishop won the Girls' Senior Cup with 17 points, and Margaret Harrison with 10 points was the runner-up.

Intermediate Girls

The Intermediate Cup was won by Mary Nethercott with 24 points, and Catherine Pidgeon was the runner-up with 10 points.



GIRLS' ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE

J. Stapleton, M. Harrison, Miss E. K. West, M. Smith, J. Miller (absent).

THE GIRLS' ATHLETIC SOCIETY

The nominations for the offices of the Girls' Athletic Society were held in the Assembly Hall on Tuesday, Sept. 17, 1929. On Friday, Sept. 20, 1929 the elections were held. The results of the elections were as follows:

Honorary President—Miss E. K. West.

President—Marion Smith.

Vice-President—Janet Miller.

Secretary—Margaret Harrison.

Treasurer—Jean Stapleton.

Form Representatives

5A—Ena Plaskett.

5B—Lorna Lupton.

4A—Dorothy Lennox.

4B—Gladys Leith.

3A—Margery Rodgers.

3B—Marie Atkins.

3C—Pearl Rieder.

2A—Margaret Dempsey.

2B—Marion MacLachlan.

2C—Kathleen Clark.

2D—Winnifred Corby.

1A—Helen Campbell.

1B—Clara Bell Nicholson.

1C—Gwen Edwins.

1D—Mary Clarke.

Spec. Com.—Louise Monteith.

3A C—Gwen Allen.

2A C—Doreen Bishop.

2B C—Rose McTague.

1A C—Ruth Agroff.

1B C—Ethel Gates.

SOFTBALL

The Mitchell High School girls played our Girls' Softball team here on Field Day. The Mitchell girls won the game by a score of 17-15.

The return game was played next day and proved to be much faster. Strangely enough, the tables were turned, and the Stratford nine returned with a 17-6 score in their favour. The following played for the S. C. I.: Marie Atkins, Margaret Harrison, Aileen Bishop, Pearl Rieder, Helen Struthers, Pearl Milliken, Madelene Lay, Winnifred Richards and Evelyn Capling.



GIRLS' SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

P. Rieder, M. Moser, J. Kilgour, L. Krueger, H. Struthers, F. Beatty, M. Dent, J. Miller, D. Lennox, K. McCully, E. Bishop, Miss E. K. West.

Junior Girls

Vera Milliken won the Junior Cup with 10 points, with Ethel Gates as runner-up with 9 points.

Relay Team

The Girls' Relay Team of the General Department was successful in defeating the girls of the Commercial Department.

The Collegiate Girls' Relay Team succeeded in winning from the girls of the Normal School.

Novelty Race

Girls' Posing Race — Lucille Brothers.

Fast Walking Race — Bernice Turnbull.

TENNIS

The first tennis games were played on the Y. W. C. A. courts, but on account of wet weather, the Tennis tournament was completed in our gymnasium. Kathleen McCully and Fern Beatty competed in the finals. The former was successful in winning the cup.

BASKETBALL

January 17.—The Stratford Collegiate girls played the Woodstock Collegiate girls in the local Gymnasium. The home team held the lead during a rather slow game. The result was a victory for Stratford, with a score of 68-25.

January 21.—The Stratford girls journeyed to Woodstock to play a return game. Both teams played hard. The Woodstock girls played a good combination game and in the first half kept our girls going. However, in the last half, the Stratford girls had themselves in hand, and brought the score to 51-32, in their favour.

February 4.—The girls journeyed to St. Marys, bent on defeating their rivals. The game resulted in a victory for Stratford, the score being 55-29.

The St. Marys girls used their weight to perfection, and did a great deal of overguarding. The result was that they were constantly tripped up by the referee. By this win the local girls became leaders of their group.

February 7.—The Stratfordites were again successful in defeating the St. Marys girls in the local gymnasium. The game was hotly contested and inclined to be rough. The play opened fast and seemed to get faster. During the first half, Stratford played a good combination game and netted baskets on practically every play. The final score was Stratford 41, St. Marys 33.

February 14.—The Red and Green as group leaders, met the Kitchener girls, winners of the Kitchener, Galt and Guelph group on their own floor. The first half of the game was not particularly fast. At three quarter time the score was 25-20 for Kitchener, but our girls rallied and succeeded in bringing the score to 31-25 for their win.

February 19.—The Stratford girls staged another victory by defeating Kitchener in Stratford. The game was a struggle and Kitchener led at half time. However, Stratford overcame this lead and the final score was 42-49. This gave Stratford a lead of 13 points over Kitchener for the round.

In Windsor on March 7th and 8th a Wossa tournament was held, in which the four winning teams competed. On March 7th, in the senior finals, Windsor played Sarnia and London South met Stratford. The S. C. I. girls put up a hard fight but were outclassed by the Londoners, and in spite of a spectacular rally during the last quarter the game ended with a 43-28 score for London.

The following night Sarnia and Stratford met. Once again victory escaped us and the Sarnia basketballers secured 45 points to our 28.

The final game between Windsor and London was a revelation for the spectators. The two teams showed thorough basketball knowledge and excellent playing ability. The Windsor Kennedy Collegiate won the cup.

JUNIOR WOSSA BASKET-BALL

This is the first year that the school has had a junior team, and although this year's team did not go far, perhaps next year's will.

The first game of the round with Woodstock was played in Stratford. The first half of the game was very slow with the teams staying even. But in the second half, Woodstock livened up and took possession of the play. The game ended with the score 37-16 for Woodstock, which apparently had the best team.

In the second game, the collegiate boys did not seem to be able to hit their stride and during the whole game, they stood no chance of winning. They were up against a better team, and the score was 69-1 in favour of Woodstock.

The Junior line-up:

Centre—T. Milliken.

Forwards—J. Gregory, B. Morrow.

Guards: G. Wright, R. Pounder.

Substitutes—M. Hammond, T. Hanlan, F. Langan, W. Brenneman.

THE VILLAGE SMITHY

(Revised Version)

Under a spreading chestnut tree
A stubborn auto stands.

The smith an angry man is he
With trouble on his hands.

The carburetor seems to be

The cause of all his woe.

He tightens half a dozen bolts

But still it doesn't go.

He sits beside the road to give

His brain a chance to cool,

And ponders on his training at

The correspondence school.

And then he starts his job once more

And just by chance 'tis seen

The cause of all his trouble is

He's out of gasoline.

—V. A. Holmes.





BOYS' ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE

Mr. W. H. Turner, H. Galloway, R. McCully, C. Wilson, G. Doxey.

THE ATHLETIC SOCIETY ELECTION

The nominations for the Boys' Athletic Executive were held on Tuesday, Sept. 17th and on the 20th the elections were held and the following officers were elected:

President—Cecil Wilson.
Vice-President—George Doxey.
Secretary—Robert McCully.
Treasurer—Howard Galloway.

The Form representatives were:

5A—J. Whittaker, L. Baker.
5B—K. Fiebig, F. Hayes.
4A—J. Rankin, M. Hammond.
4B—W. Neilson, J. Sealy.
3A—J. Dent, S. Byers.
3B—J. Inglis, D. Heath.
3C—G. Ruston, R. Cole.

2A—C. Huisier.
2B—G. Lamont.
2C—L. Fraser.
2D—W. Moore.
1A—W. Stapleton.
1B—R. Morton.
1C—H. Gerofsky.
1D—H. Earnshaw.
1E—M. Anthony.

Commercial

Special Commercial—W. McCully, L. Beale.
3rd—D. Allen, S. Ingram.
C 1B—G. King.
C 2B—Alex McMillan, Gordon Dotzit.

“Buttercups” Siegner: “What have you got for dinner?”

Meadie McKay: “Roastbeeffricas-seedchickenstewedlambhashbakedand friedpotatoespuddingmilkteaand-coffee.”

“Buttercups” Siegner: “Bring me the third, fourth, sixth, eighteenth and nineteenth syllables.”



JUNIOR HOCKEY TEAM

Standing—Mr. Turner, J. McGraw, H. Gibson, J. Dent, J. Hanlon, D. Heath, W. Brenneman.
Seated—F. Gray, W. Neilson, B. Morrow.

JUNIOR W. O. S. S. A. HOCKEY

The hockey team started practice early in the year under Mr. Turner's supervision and had rounded into fine shape for the first game. The team representing the school was as follows:

Goal—W. Neilson.

Defence—T. Hanlan, J. Dent.

Centre—W. Brenneman.

Wings—D. Heath, F. Grey.

Subs—H. Gibson, J. McLennan, J. McGraw, B. Morrow.

The team played its first game in Exeter. The game was an easy one and the score was 9-1 for us. The game was not very fast but Stratford had the best of the play.

The return game was also very slow because the Collegiate team was satisfied with its lead and Exeter was certain it could not catch up. However, the visitors put up a better fight and owing to sensational goal keeping, they kept the score down to 6-2.

The round with Exeter served to season our team and they were fairly confident that they could eliminate their next opponent, Kitchener. The first game was played in Kitchener and there the red and green received a set back. They were defeated 5-1, although they fought hard. The Kitchener forwards kept our men penned up and they did not seem to be able to break away and throughout the whole game, Kitchener held control.

The return game was a very fast game and a fine exhibition of hockey. The visitors were determined to hold their four goal lead and the S. C. I. was determined to win by five goals or more. But they were unsuccessful and though they put up a good fight they fell several goals short of their aim. They won the game 4-2, but lost the round by two goals.



SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Standing—J. Neilson, G. Stevenson, J. Whittaker, W. Firth.
Seated—F. Hay, G. Doxey, Mr. Neil W. Brennenman.

SENIOR WOSSA BASKET-BALL

The first round of the year was with our old enemy St. Marys, and in the first game in that town, it appeared as if they might put us out of the running. The game was not exceptionally fast but St. Marys won by a score of 21-8, and the horizon looked dark for the green and red.

In the second game however, the tables were turned and the score was 26-15 for the Collegiate. This was a very good game with both teams showing excellent combination. But the Stratford guards excelled themselves and this turned the balance in our favour.

Because each time had won one game, and games, not points, counted on the round, it was necessary to play another round with points counting.

The first game of the second round was played in Stratford, and it was a very fast game. The pass-

ing was very fast and accurate, with both teams playing a hard game. At the end of the third quarter, St. Marys was leading but in the last quarter the score was tied, and just before the whistle blew, Brennenman got a basket making the score 16-14 for Stratford and giving us a two point lead to take to St. Marys.

The second game of the round was identical to the first except that St. Marys, with their back to the wall, fought harder. But they were unlucky in their shooting and were up against a slightly superior team, and thus they were eliminated by the score of 20-16 for Stratford.

The Collegiate's next opponent was Kitchener, and in the first game it appeared as if we might win this round. The game was not very fast but it was marred by roughness. The final score was 19-17 in favour of the S. C. I.

The second game, in Kitchener, was a fast game right from the beginning. The teams were well matched, each having tight defences and always on the offensive. At half time the teams were tied, but at the beginning of the second half they played their hardest and fastest, and Kitchener forged slowly ahead. During the last quarter they increased their slight lead and won the game by the score of 16-11.

Throughout the whole season Firth, Brenneman, and Doxey Starr-ed.

The Senior line-up:

Centre— G. Stevenson.

Forwards—W. Firth, W. Brenneman.

Guards—G. Doxey, J. Neilson.

Substitutes—T. Hanlan, J. Whitaker.

SENIOR W. O. S. S. A. RUGBY

The fellows turned out early in the new school term and all through September they practised hard and

in their first game it seemed as if their hard work would bear fruit.

Their first game was against St. Jeromes of Kitchener. The Kitchener boys were very heavy and it was a hard game. In the first quarter of the game Stratford got their only points on a drop kick. In the second quarter a regrettable accident happened when Albert Curiel, a St. Jerome's boy broke his leg very badly. This seemed to take the heart out of the boys. In the third quarter the visitors tied the score up and the count remained the same till the end of the game, though both teams fought very hard to break the tie.

For the return game, the Stratford boys went to Kitchener with confidence, but when they went on to the field something must have happened to them. It was a very loose game and our fellows didn't seem to get going. There were many costly fumbles and St. Jeromes took advantage of them. The score ended with Stratford on the small end of 17-4.



SENIOR RUGBY TEAM

Standing—Mr. Turner (coach), J. Neilson, W. Langan, J. Whittacker, D. Robertson, W. Firth, G. Stevenson, R. McCully.

Sitting—C. Hayes, J. Cawthorpe, G. Doxey, R. Cole, L. Baker, V. Holmes.

The team which Coach Turner selected to represent the S. C. I. in the Senior W. O. S. S. A. was:

Flying Wing—J. Whittaker.

Halves—R. McCully, G. Doxey, G. Stevenson.

Quarter—R. Cole.

Snap—Firth.

Insides—V. Holmes, J. Cawthorpe.

Middles—L. Baker, W. Langan.

Ends—J. Neilson, D. Robertson.

Subs—C. Hayes, B. Beale.

Mr. Murray Graham, our coach two years back, who is at Harbord Collegiate now, sent a team down to play our Seniors, and if he held any hope that they might win, he was sadly disillusioned, for they lost quite badly.

JUNIOR W. O. S. S. A. RUGBY

This year it seemed as if we were going to have a championship junior rugby team at the school, because judging from the form they displayed at the beginning of the year, any critic would have given them a good chance for winning the cup.

In their first game in London against the Central Collegiate team, they made use of the new forward pass rule and used it to advantage. They did not have much trouble in winning 8-0. A large part of this score was due to Heath's line plunging and Brenneman's long runs, although the whole team played remarkably well.

During their second game the team showed still better form. They defeated a London South Collegiate team 29-0, and they seemed to be able to make their yards almost at will. However London had a very young and inexperienced team and they were very weak.

The return game with London Central Collegiate was much harder than the first meeting between the two. It was a very fast and hard game although Stratford seemed to

have greater variety of play. But even with that our fellows did not find the London line very easy to go through. The red and green conquered again however by an 11-1 score. This victory won their group for them.

The next opponent scheduled for the S. C. I. was Woodstock. In this game the hopes of the Collegiate were decisively beaten. They were beaten however by a better team, a heavier team, a more experienced team, one with a good knowledge of rugby. The score was 83-0 for Woodstock and they scored almost at will. The best for our squad was Hooey, the little end.

Although our fellows stood no chance of winning the round, for points counted, the return game was played. This time our boys put up a pluckier fight and secured one point. Our team could not make their yards on any kind of play, but as in Woodstock, the enemy did not run wild but were held down to 27 points. This game ended the Junior W. O. S. S. A. rugby in Stratford for one more year.

The team selected to represent the red and green was:

Snap—W. Neilson.

Insides—C. Cole, J. Inglis.

Middles—J. Sealy, M. Hammond.

Ends—F. Hanlan, K. Hooey.

Quarter—D. Heath.

Halves—S. Byers, J. Tomlinson, W. Brenneman.

Subs—W. Chalmers, C. Lennox, L. Bridges, Johnston.

SENIOR W. O. S. S. A. HOCKEY

The Senior W. O. S. S. A. Hockey team was not much of a success this year, owing to the fact that several of its best players were ineligible because their studies got the best of them. The team played one game and then it was thought best that it should be taken out of the league. The one game played was with Guelph and it was a real hoc-



JUNIOR RUGBY TEAM

Back Row—A. Chalmers, C. Cole, J. Dent, Mr. Turner (coach), J. Tomlinson
D. Heath, M. Hammond.

Front Row—C. Lennox, J. Hanlan, L. Bridges, W. Neilson, S. Byers, J. Sealy,
W. Brennehan, K. Hoel.

key game. The S. C. I. showed superiority in most parts of the game and won by the score of 3-1. The smaller Stratford team was much faster than Guelph and the score gives one a good idea of the game.

The line-up was:

Goal—N. Scott.

Defence—M. Coxon, J. Tomlinson.

Centre—R. McCully.

Wings—K. Fiebig, H. Babensee.

Subs—D. Simpson, F. Payton,
B. Morris.

RIFLE PRACTICE

The old sport is being started in the Collegiate—shooting. There has been practically no shooting for two or three years. It is becoming a popular pastime among the students, both juniors and seniors.

This year besides the usual Dominion Cartridge competition there was added D. C. R. A. Competition and the Youths of the Empire competition.

With regard to the Dominion Cartridge competition, anyone is eligible. The competitor receives a bronze medal for ten targets whose scores are 50 to 57; a silver medal for ten targets, from 58 to 64, and a gold medal for ten targets from 65 to 70. This competition was shot off every Wednesday in the Armouries. There were about seventy entries.

The D. C. R. A. junior and senior teams are each made up of the twelve best junior and twelve best senior shots in the school. The total score for each team is then entered for competition with the other schools of Canada. The best senior shot was G. Ruston, the best junior was L. Fraser.

The Youths of the Empire Competition consists of firing from three positions: deliberate, kneeling and ten rounds with a time limit of ninety seconds. The junior is slightly different, being only deliberate, and ten rounds time limit of two minutes. The best senior shot was V. Holmes. The best junior was H. Roper.

The best shot in the school was G. Johnston and he is eligible to compete for the Strathcona medal. The best junior shot in the school was H. MacIntosh. Each will receive a cup under these merits.

Mr. Turner, Range Officer, is to be complimented on the way he handled the rifle practices, and under his direction the S. C. V. I. ought to develop some crack shots in the near future.

—Fraser Hay, VB.

Marg. McLennan: "What is it that has a tail, four legs and barks?"

Jean Stapleton: "A dog."

Marg. Mc.: "Au! Somebody told you."

Mr. Sprung: "What was all the noise in here?"

McGrath: "It was Mr. Fuller dropping a perpendicular."

Isobel Sim to Katharine Kepkay: "Who was Homer?"

Kay: "The fellow who made Babe Ruth famous."

Whittaker: "A freight train ran over my dog's tail the other day."

Wright: "Did you take him to the veterinary?"

John: "No, I took him to the tailor."

And then there's our little boy Lorne,
Who walks down the halls most forlorn.
Says he: "lizzy here?" Says he: "lizzy dear!"
I fear that dear chap's quite lovelorn.



LAMONA BEAUTY PARLOR

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The Betrayal.

(Continued from page 55)

thing about you Samson, other than that you are a Judge among the Israelites. What they say must be true. You keep secrets from me, you never confide in me, as you would in a wife whom you trusted. You will not even let me worship your god. You are only mocking and deceiving me. If you would tell me your secret, I could scorn their taunting. I would not care what they thought, because I would know you do confide in me."

Then Samson said: "What care you for such words? I thought you were above such taunts. But if you must know, here is my secret. If the Philistines, my enemies, were to bind me with seven green withes never dried, then I would be weak with just the strength of another man."

Delilah was triumphant, and she lost no time in hastening to Shiloh with news of her success. She was now only a tool in the hands of the

Philistine lords, so blinded and overcome was she by thoughts of revenge. The following day after Samson's confession a Philistine brought Delilah the seven green withes from Shiloh, and a company of his best soldiers were sent. These she hid in the room of her home.

When Samson returned from a day's hunting with the skin of a mountain lion upon one shoulder, and a young kid on the other, she ran to meet him and chatted gaily by his side up the path. Samson was over-wearied for he had had to go much farther than he expected for his quarry. When Delilah took up the lyre and began to sing that evening, he flung himself down and was soon lost in heavy slumber. So deeply did he sleep, that Delilah was able to bind him with the green withes without disturbing him. From the inner room the soldiers were crouching in eager readiness. When Delilah had completed her task she suddenly cried out:

(Continued on page 86)

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The Commercial work also includes a special class, composed of students who have spent at least two or three years in the Academic School.

There is also a first-class department of Manual Training and Domestic Science, as well as an excellent department of Music open to all students.

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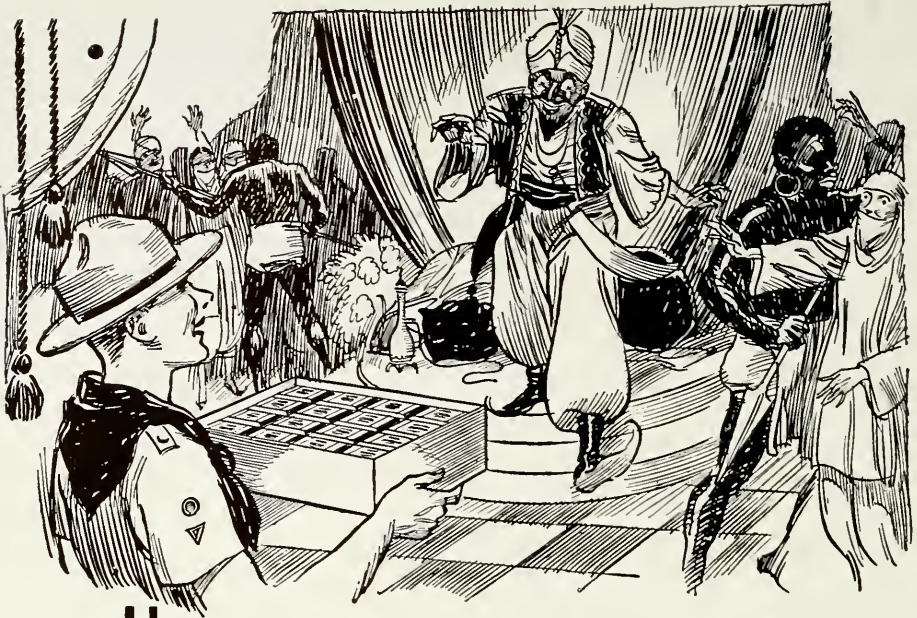
The Board of Education and a number of private citizens have donated a number of medal and cash prizes for academic work.

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How Jacky Canuck became Grand Wazir of Khorassan

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In such impassioned terms did the Sultan of Khorassan greet Jacky Canuck from Canada as that intrepid lad journeyed East in search of adventure and, having saved the greatest of his trading treasures, a 5 dozen box of Neilson's Jersey Milk Chocolate Bars, for the eye of the Sultan alone, was duly and properly rewarded with the lordly position of Grand Wazir of Khorassan. Then by establishing a fleet of aeroplanes between the Court and the Neilson plant in far away Toronto he was able to maintain a constant stream of cases of Neilson's Chocolate Bars for the Sultan's private use and thus made his position doubly secure. Of course, in due time, he shared the Sultan's throne and bossed the Kingdom.

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Don Kennedy is seriously thinking of changing his dog's name from "Queenie" to "Mars" because from all indications she appears to be inhabited.

Meadie McKay: "I'll give you a wallop."

Boyes: "Don't, I wouldn't know how to eat it."

Mr. Adamson: "Are there any questions?"

McCaffrey: "Yes sir. How do you calculate the horse-power of donkey-engine?"

Mr. Bissonnette: "Name a liquid that won't freeze."

Les Fraser: "Hot water."

Mr. Burnett: "I suppose you have been through Algebra?"

Lawson: "Yes sir, but I went through at night and didn't see the place."

Miss Massey: "You remember the story of Daniel in the lion's den don't you Bob?"

Bob Mee: "Yes ma'am."

Teacher: "What lesson do you learn from it?"

Mee: "We shouldn't eat everything we see."

Mr. Adamson: "What causes fossilized trees?"

Sylvester: "The wind makes them rock."

Mr. Bryan: "Why was Columbus so anxious to find a new world?"

Burston: "I think he was looking for a place to park."

MacNicol (after shave): "Gimme a glass of water."

Barber: "What for?"

MacNicol: "I want to see if my mouth will hold water."

Miss McGregor, referring to a part in Henry IV: "His breath came in short pants." (Loud grins were heard, at this.)

Mr. Cameron: "They'll soon be having a license on cats."

Mary Nethercott, (in a loud whisper): "Oh for cat's sake."

Donald Kennedy is going to the "bow-wows" according to Miss Ross.

Mr. Adamson: "The relative humidity of this room is 4.4." (We wonder if this could possibly be the "school spirit.")

We wonder if it is the office door which has the panes in it, or the office.

CAN YOU IMAGINE

George Stevenson and Jack Neilson closing their locker door?

Marion Smith failing in any subject?

Mr. Adamson and Howard Gallaway being taken for twins?

Rina without Mary?

The majority of the first formers over 4½ feet tall?

Mary Nethercott coming to school with her hair arranged the same way, three days in succession?

The S. C. V. I. allowed more than one dance a year?

Anyone absent-minded enough to go to school on Saturday?

The Betrayal.

(Continued from page 82)

"Samson, Samson, awake! the Philistines are upon you!" To her utter dismay he arose and broke the withes like thread and slew the entire company of soldiers as easily as she could crush a colony of ants.

Then was Delilah even more determined to find her husband's secret. To her deep hatred of him was added her hurt pride, for she realized that Samson did not intend to confide in her, and she even doubted if she ever had meant anything to him. Day after day she reproached him, wept bitter tears and pleaded with him. Samson was bewildered with her behavior. Twice he tried to gain peace by telling her fanciful thoughts of what caused his strength. Each time she trusted and believed him, and then, strangely to say, a band of Philistines would attack him, and he would be forced to reveal the fact that he had not told her the truth.

Her reproaches began to take on a bitter note, and she declared that he did not love her, for he had mocked and lied to her three times. Finally he became vexed to death and told her his secret. It would have been better if he could have seen the gleam in Delilah's eyes as he revealed his secret, for she realized that this time she had the truth. He told her that he could never have the hair shaved from his head or he would become weak as a child, because he was a man of God.

Delilah went once more to Shiloh and he frowned at her words.

"It would be well for you," he said, "that you have not made a mistake this time. Already this has been the death of a hundred and twenty of my men. You shall have one more chance. Dagon pity you if this should fail!"

"It will not fail!" Delilah cried. "He has confided all to me. The time for my revenge has come. I know it."

(Continued on page 91)

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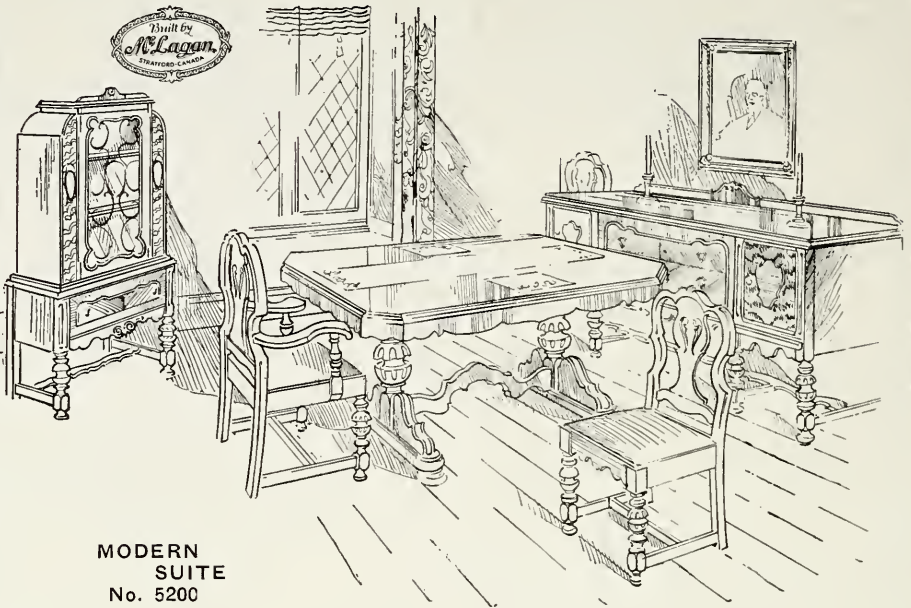
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The Betrayal.

(Continued from page 86)

"Let us hope so," was Shiloh's dry reply.

Delilah again secreted Philistines in the room of her home. Samson came tired and despondent and she wondered if he regretted the revelation of his secret. With little difficulty she caused him to fall asleep, his head in her lap, and then with trembling hand she summoned a man from the inner room. With infinite care they shaved the hair from the head of the unconscious Samson—slowly, slowly, so carefully. Delilah almost cried aloud with the tension of that hour. Then it was done. Just as on the other three times she cried out in warning and then watched with open lips and glaring eyes as Shiloh's soldiers attacked her husband. She half expected to see him rise and kill them like babes, but he did not. The men fell upon him with ferocious cruelty and triumphantly bound him. They

spat on him, kicked him, beat him, and Samson reeled and staggered beneath their blows. The blood was trickling in a little stream from a gash in his head. They ung a rope about his neck and with men prodding him with spears and jeering him and others dragging on the rope they led, half-dragged the helpless man down the path to the town.

With growing horror in her heart, Delilah watched the soldiers taking her husband away. She struggled to crush the rising thoughts in her heart by murmuring:

"My father, you are avenged. I say you are avenged. Praise be to Dagon!"

Then she fell into hysterical laughing and crying. When Shiloh came that night with smirking face and the bag of silver at his waist, he found her in a dazed condition with a set blank look upon her face.

"Dagon is great, Delilah," said he. "Everyone within the town is singing praises to your name. See,

(Continued on page 93)

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The Betrayal.

(Continued from page 91)

here is the money. Eshtaol, our leader, will double it for he is mad with joy that the Israelite had been taken. And so must you be."

Delilah looked at him. "Why?"

Shiloh shouted with laughter. "By the gods, you must be joking. You know with Samson captured we can quell those snapping dogs with a twist of our heel. He who threatened our power is gone." He drew closer: "Delilah," he said, "am I not to be rewarded? Do you forget our past love? Was it not I who aroused your patriotism and your hate and enabled you to find his secret?"

risen to her feet and her face was terrible to see.

"Go!" she screamed. "May Daggon's wrath descend on you and destroy all yours!"

She hurled the heavy bag of money in his face, and with terrible

cries she turned and ran along the water's edge away towards the desert. Shiloh cursed, wiping the blood from his forehead, and stared after her.

"A mad woman," he muttered. Then he grinned cruelly. "But I do not despise such silver—down yonder—" and he grinned again. And no one in that little town by the Sorek ever heard of or saw Delilah again.

There was once a lassie named "Simp"

She took a high ride on a blimp
The blimp caught afire
Lit on a church spire
Which scared this lassie named "Simp."

In the room of Miss Brown
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You will know that his first name is Joe.

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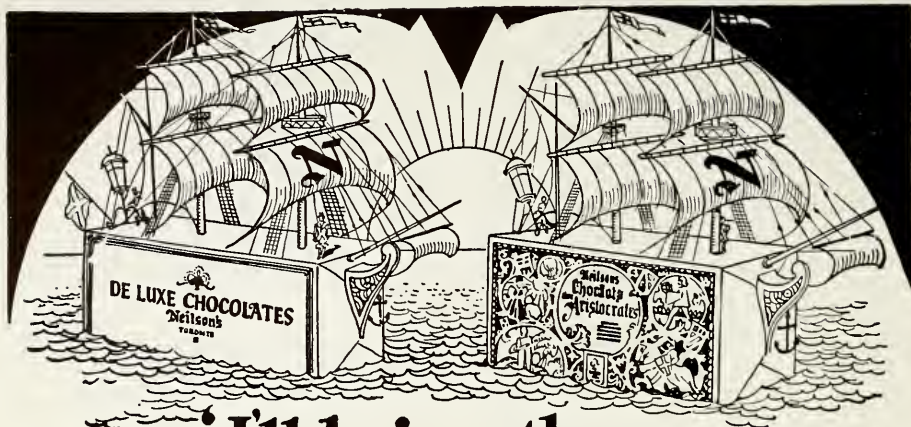
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M. Dent: "Because it's where people change their names."

Robertson: "We gave the referee two hundred bucks to let us win the game."

Bruce: "And still you lost?"

Robertson: "Yeah—the referee was crooked."

A is for Algy his last name is Sloane

B is for Betty who is never alone

C is for Catherine who sits near the front

D is for Dodds who for books has to hunt

E is for Elva whose last name is Plummer

F is for Fountain who is just a bit dumber

G is for Gordon who stalls at his work

H is for Harry who does nothing but shirk

I is for Ingram who draws all attention

J is for Jack who insists on detention

K is for Kathleen her knowledge is rare

L is for Lennox who does nothing but stare

M is for Mary with comb and compact

N is for Namara, the boy of great tact

O is for Oscar which is such a queer name

P is for Phyllis who is a fine dame

Q is for quandary which rises to flame

R is for Rankin who vamps all she can

S is for "Streak," all bones and no ham

T is for Tomlinson, homework undone,

U is for us who have such great fun.

V is for victory which we try to get

W's for Wilfred who's no teacher's pet

X is a hard one you'll have to admit

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He sat on a pin cushion quill
Then up he did soar Then out through the door
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Mr. Fuller: "You had better watch your step in my class."

Bill Neilson: "What's the matter? Flooring loose, sir?"

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3B (in chorus): "Don't bite the insects."

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Isabel Orr: "It's a place where fish are kept."

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First Former in the Lab. to Miss Brown: "Look, I found a green snake."

Miss Brown: "Good gracious! Put it down! It might be as dangerous as a ripe one."

Mr. Burnett: "My, I like young Hay."

Mr. Cameron: "I like Hay, too."

Mr. Bissonnette — (overhearing last remark) "Every jackass likes hay."

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E. Hanke: "Has Bob proposed yet?"

E. Plaskett: "No, but last night he had an engaging ring in his voice."

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Miss Ross: "What do you know about the Greek syntax?"

Cawthorpe: "Good-night! Did they have to pay for their fun, too?"

"My, I'm thirsty."

"You ought to drink milk. It is good for the blood."

"Yeh! But I'm not bloodthirsty."

Rankin: "Did you know that I am a magician?"

McLennon: "No! How come?"

Rankin: "Yeah—I can turn a car into a driveway."

Mr. Sprung (gazing at Pigeon, who has failed to answer): "This boy looks as if he doesn't know his binomial theorem?"

Mr. Fuller: "Oh, he always looks that way."

Miss Brown: "Maurice, your mouth is open."

Morris Hay—"I know. I opened it myself."

Isobel: "Why does a black cow give white milk that makes yellow butter?"

Catherine: "I guess because a blackberry is red when it is green."

Mr. Fuller: "Do you know how to find the horse power of a car?"

Graham: "No."

Mr. Fuller: "Easy—just lift the hood and count the plugs."

Whittaker: "Have you an encyclopedia?"

Messersmith: "No; I walk to school."

Jessie—"Do you know how old Miss Ross is?"

Helen: "No, I don't, but she taught Caesar."

Jean: "What makes Graham Stewart so sour looking, lately?"

Christine: "Oh, he used to be full of the milk of human kindness but he got caught in a thunderstorm."

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